

OUR FIRST HALF MILLION

Captain X 3--th FA.

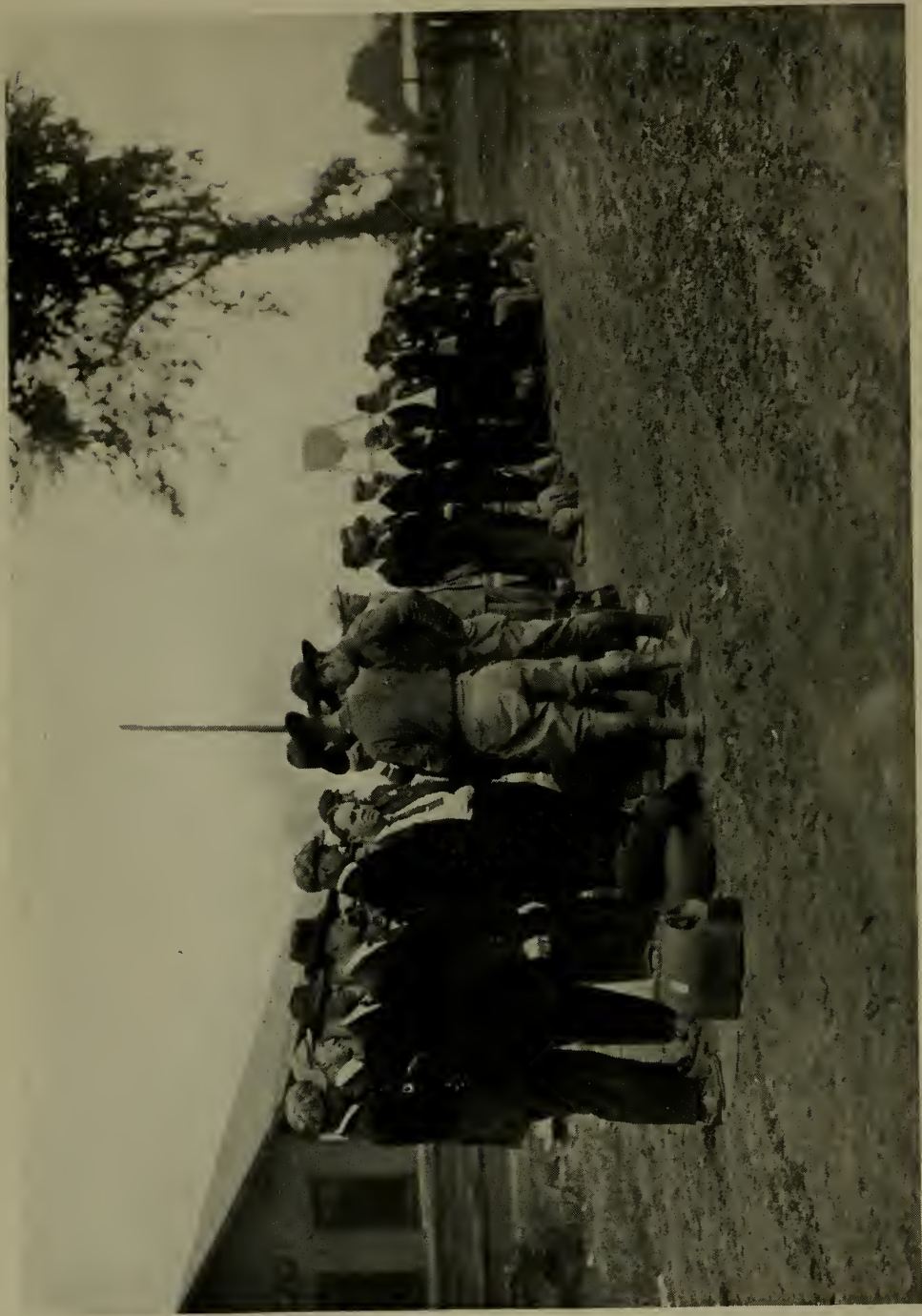


Class U 766

Book 08

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Upon his arrival at camp, the recruit's steps lead from the railroad station to the regimental infirmary.

OUR FIRST HALF MILLION

The Story of Our National Army

By Captain X
3--th Field Artillery

Illustrated



NEW YORK
THE H. K. FLY COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1918, by
The H. K. Fly Company.

2766
08



NOV -7 1918

©CL A 508063

no 1

81-21-12-18
E. W. Fox

TO ELEANOR WARD FOX

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. IN CANTONMENT	15
II. "MAKING MEN"	37
III. "THE ARMY LAUGHS"	51
IV. THE SPIRIT OF OUR MEN	77
V. "THE JOB OF SOLDIERING"	94
VI. "HARPOONING THE HUN"	121
VII. "REMEMBER SAN JUAN"	141
VIII. "WHAT OUR SOLDIERS LIKE"	165
IX. "THE WEST POINT OF OUR CIVILIAN ARMY"	188
X. "THE GLORY OF THE GUNS"	211
XI. WHY WE WILL DEFEAT GERMANY....	233
XII. "ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK"	253
XIII. "THE MAGIC OF MARS"	279

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Upon his arrival at camp, the recruit's steps
lead from the railroad station to the regi-
mental infirmary FRONTISPIECE ✓
- The Y. M. C. A's shacks are made attractive
places to visit, and once there the soldier is
in an atmosphere that is clean 49 ✓
- The National Army is serious. It is dignified.
It has taken the war with a philosophy quite
like the French 82 ✓
- One long thrust, a short jab, a leap, and they're
at the next set of dummies 125 ✓
- Never heard of the Ninety-second? It's the
Negro Division of the National Army. The
Division that's going to write its name big
before the Hun gets on his knees..... 142 ✓
- At their disposal were all the lessons of the
European War 195 ✓
- Our trim Three-inchers are slender and good to
look upon; with their long, slim barrels they
suggest sleeping power 216 ✓

FOREWORD

IAN HAY told the story of Britain's First Hundred Thousand. This is the tale of America's First Half Million.

One has tried to tell of the National Army in its making. One has sought to reduce some of the sincerity of our men in cantonment to pen and ink. That has not been difficult, for the very air thereabout breathes with the deep purpose of the new army and its deep conviction in the justice of our cause. *We will not lose.*

There is a saying in the army that an Artillery Captain's work is never done. The small hours of the morning, and only them, belonged to the writing of this book. Literary polish it lacks. No effort has been made to attain it. The one thing sought after was sincerity—to tell just what the selected men of the National Army are doing, how they are faring,

why their very presence in uniform is the dawn of a new and more glorious America. And their slogan is "Berlin or Bust!" . . . And it *shall* be Berlin!

CAPTAIN X—,

Camp ———,

Jan. 5, 1918.

3—th Field Artillery,
National Army.

TO-MORROW

IT is springtime and children romp. The crocus and violets are coming out, and across the nursery window a tall maple weaves a leafy lattice of green. There beside his boy a father stands, his hand upon the sturdy little fellow's shoulder, his eyes lost in dwelling upon a memory that he seems to find somewhere beyond the rolling April hills. He hears a skylark's song; the sparrows are contentedly chattering. Across the blue a crow darts; it is as if he must flee with his sombre colors from here; for all is happiness. The world is at peace.

"Just ten years ago to-day," the father says aloud, patting the shoulder of his boy. "Ten years."

"Daddy! Will I be a soldier, too?"

His face filled with understanding, the father regards him.

"Boy," he proposes, not answering the question, "I had a friend in France."

"Yes, daddy; I know. He was a soldier."

"One night, son, when the guns were growling along the Meuse, he came with other French officers to visit our battery. He told me that night, as we sat in a dug-out and smoked, a story. I'll tell it now to you."

The boy claps his hands. He likes his daddy to tell him stories of the war.

"Son," his father begins, "my friend told me that when he was very young his father took him on his knee and told him: 'My boy, in eighteen-seventy your father went to war, against the Prussians. And, my boy, you will have to go to war some day, too, *because your father lost.*' It was a French father who told his boy that, a little boy, just like you."

"Yes, daddy."

"And, son," and the father snatches up the youngster in his arms and hugs him against his heart.

"But you," he promises his boy, "you won't have to go to war—*never*, son—for there is no more war, son—no; it's gone, son—gone for good. For ten years ago your father went to war against Prussia, *and your father won.*"

But the youngster spies a playmate crossing the lawn and, wriggling from his father's arms,

he runs to join him. A shadow briefly crosses the father's face; but then he smiles. "Youth to youth," he thinks, and then he could have sung for joy as he thought that he was one who, ten years before, had marched away to make safe a world for the children.

OUR FIRST HALF MILLION

CHAPTER I

IN CANTONMENT

SPACES of sandy pine woods, swelling fields ready for the harvest, the sleepy villages of south Jersey, had been whirling past our motor—and then we got our first glimpse of Camp Dix. A confusion of unpainted pine sheds took shape; a towering dark skeleton that might have been an Artillery observation post on France's front, but merely a water tower in the making; and then the Army trucks rumbling through the mazes of vaguely defined roads, workmen swarming by the thousands, a Negro militia sentinel, who shouted at us: "Halt! Who's dar?" . . . That was our first impression of Camp Dix.

Commissioned at the Training Camp of Madison Barracks, we had been ordered with hundreds of our brother officers to report for

duty at this New Jersey cantonment of the new National Army—America's answer to the German war lords. It was with a thrill that one realized that at this same time ten thousand officers, products of the intensive courses conducted by the War Department during the summer now ending, were reporting at cantonments similar to Camp Dix throughout our land. America had called to arms. The first draft, six hundred thousand men for the new National Army, would all be in these cantonments before winter's end. And we were to make them into soldiers and lead them into battle—in France. . . . A glorious new adventure had begun.

Now it is upon this National Army that the safety of our land depends. It is not my purpose to present the facts for this statement. They have been before the public, brought there by our President, by our Secretary of State. The designs of the Imperial German Government upon the liberty of the world, upon *our* liberty, have been officially put before our people by Washington. Our little Regular Army, our National Guard, is speeding overseas. In that vast battle line of Europe they will be swallowed up. But they will

hold the line for America until the National Army comes, until we come. Not forgetting that we number but a half million or so, and that when we leave cantonment others will come in, be trained, and go as we shall go. And so as our pressure gets greater will the Hohenzollern sue for peace. For as the French say, "*Jusqu' à bout*"—"To the End!" We shall finish this Imperial menace *now*; we shall not leave it for our sons to fight over. And that is the mood of our awakened nation, of its National Army.

Will it be able to accomplish that? Will the American make as good a soldier as the formidable helmeted man of the Kaiser's legions? Have these drafted men the stuff? What of the spirit? Has the mass of America been civilian so long that the problem of having it act and think in a military way will be overwhelming? . . . Let us see.

Come back with me to the cantonment in Jersey as we saw it that first day. There, near Wrightstown, one of those four-corner villages with a "general store," a wooden city was rising overnight. To the swarmings of eight thousand workmen, a mad clattering of hammers, the shouts of laborers, unloading lumber

from an interminable line of flat cars, the comings and goings of preoccupied Engineer Officers, farmers, busy gathering in their crops that fell within the confines of this new military area, and the bewildered questionings of civilian concession seekers, Camp Dix grew.

Where on this tract of pine-fringed Jersey flatland there were in July but a few isolated farmhouses, there was by August-end the sturdy unpainted shape of a permanent military garrison. Where of a morning, so it seemed, there had been but a pile of lumber, evening often found the skeleton of a pine shed. Magically the framework filled in; buildings grew from nothing in mere days. Wasn't it Cadmus who showed his teeth and a host of armed men appeared?

We officers were at Camp Dix for more than a week before the first of the National Army came. We thought, "What will they be like? How will they take to military training? Have they the fighting stuff in them?" Harassing speculations, these, for the officers who were called upon to produce results with the new army.

As always, rumor ran wild. There were tales of the Socialists, of the I. W. W., of

German agents who had cleverly waged campaigns in the draft centers. Not a little apprehension was felt over what these breeders of sedition might have created. And then the men came.

In a Field Artillery regiment there happened one of those little incidents which often give an index to the tenor of great happenings. A newspaper artist came down from New York. He visited my Battery after having made pictures of some of the recruits in another regiment. He asked me, "What is a five-per-cent. man? I heard one of the rookies over in the next barracks boasting that he was five per cent.; it sounded funny to me—five per cent."

I explained to the artist that a five-per-cent. man was one who had been first called to the colors.

That rookie—bless him!—had deemed it an honor.

Away with the idea that because the American has been fed up so long on the theory of doing what he pleases, when he pleases, that he will not accept military service. The doubters, the scoffers, the alarmists, forecasting dire trouble with these drafted men, those persons

simply did not know their country. They did not know the men who composed it.

Certain newspapers in discussing the draft during the summer used an unfortunate word. It was "conscript." With that word one associates dragging footsteps, sullen hearts, downcast eyes. But these men that came to us were not conscripts; they were, in fact, simply repaying their country in its hour of need for everything their country had done for them and for their fathers. Which, if you don't think is much, travel across the face of Southern, Eastern Europe and the Balkans, as you may have done; see what life offers to mankind there. No, not conscripts, these men of the new National Army; rather men who thoroughly understood what they owed their country; and other men who had not thought of that, but still felt something intangible in the air. For America had called upon them to help.

I shall tell the story of my old Battery; it is the story of every Battery, of every Company throughout the United States; it is the tale of the First Half Million.

The men came to us from the small towns and cities of a county in the western part of

New York State. The total of the first five per cent. was twenty-one rookies. One was a bank clerk, another a brakeman, another a waiter; two were lawyers. There was a rubber worker, electricians, a chauffeur, a hotel chef, a barber, a contractor. Could anything be more democratic?

In military things they were absolutely green. In about two months we could comfortably rely upon half of these men as fairly efficient, non-commissioned officers. Old-time soldiers will smile at this. Those who smile do not yet know what it is possible to accomplish by new intensive training that the war has developed. They do not know that in August, 1914, England took college men, trained them day and night for five weeks, and sent them into the field as Lieutenants. That was necessity; the Lieutenants were not efficient at the front, but they became so in time. But from 1914 to 1917 the makers of armies learned much. Our experiment in this work was the officers' training camps of the past summer. What was accomplished can be seen by any trained military observer who watches the officers of the Reserve Corps moulding the National Army.

Here is the meat of it: Not a few of the drafted men are of a caliber that could have won commissions in the officers' training camps, and the identical methods that were put into effect there by the regular army instructors were applied here in September to some few of the draft. For this was the situation:

Our records showed us that by the first of October each Battery would have received its full war strength, 193 men. To handle these men there was a Captain and four Lieutenants. Where were the non-commissioned officers coming from? Our Battery got two from the Regular Army; we needed nearly fifty. Allah provides no non-coms. Our Regular Army already in France could ill afford to spare any of its Drill Sergeants. It was up to us to make our own. And just as the barracks were put up overnight, so were the many Drill Sergeants.

At the outset a record was made of every man; his character was studied. Down into the Captain's book went certain information. Was his intelligence above the average? How did he respond to discipline? Did he unconsciously have a military bearing, or was it possible to give him one? Did he think quickly

and accurately, or was he slow-witted? Did he rattle? What had he done in civil life?

As swiftly as accuracy would permit this data was obtained. A commander made mental notes as to whom might be used as non-commissioned officers and who not. Training—the task of first making the men soldiers, before specializing them in artillery or infantry—began. Do you know the difference between the American and the German attitude toward soldiers? If you would understand this National Army, if you would put yourself in a position to judge accurately what you may expect from your army, you should understand that difference. It is the key to the situation.

The Germans utterly destroy a private's individuality; regard him as a mere piece of mechanism. In the training camps this paragraph from United States Army Regulations was impressed upon us: "*Officers will keep in as close touch as possible with the men under their command and will strive to build up such relations of confidence and sympathy as will insure the free approach of their men to them for counsel and assistance.*"

That brings us to the composite rookie of the

National Army. Bill Hawkins, who had gone through the High School of Olean, New York, who had gotten a job in the bank and who had never been farther away from home than New York City in his life, found in the mail one morning a little slip telling him to report at an Exemption Board for physical examination. His spirits at that time registered minus. He had felt all along that Tom and Jim would be called, but somehow he'd miss; it simply couldn't be. It was something like the world coming to an end.

To the Exemption Board Bill went. A doctor punched his ribs, indeed gave Bill a very trying quarter of an hour. Zealous persons, these small-town doctors, so eager were they not to be accused of wrongly exempting men that they sent some to camp physically unfit—who were returned to their homes. We got one man from a Jersey town who had two thumbs and six fingers on his right hand. An artillery officer remarked that he would be useful on the guns setting off data on the instruments with some of his fingers and using the others for cleaning the lens. But the Divisional Surgeon could not see it that way, and back the rookie went to Palmyra, N. J.

Of course, that was a singular case; it is a commentary, however, on the over-zealousness of rural doctors. All such cases were carefully weeded out by the Army Surgeons at camp so that the work of training was only begun with men fit for it. Bill Hawkins, for example, from the bank in Olean, was stamped "O. K." by the Army Surgeon who examined him as soon as he reported to camp. With Bill were many men from his home town; for the plan of the organizers of the National Army was to assign men from the same locality to the same regiment. One of the many special trains that on September 6th were hammering toward cantonments in all parts of the country brought Bill Hawkins to Camp Dix. He was met at the station by a young officer who wore U. S. R. on his collar and who had a steady, appraising eye. He marched Bill off with his new comrades to the barracks. Here he was given a mess kit. From Napoleon has come down the dictum, "An army marches on its stomach." Bill Hawkins sat down to a warm meal. His first deep impression was one of savory food.

Presently he was taken out in the barrack yard with his new comrades and lined up ac-

cording to height. This done, Bill was assigned to a temporary squad and was dismissed with the admonition that he remain around quarters. Were it not for the newness of it all, his curiosity excited, he must have felt depressed. What a sight that was! Men in all kinds of civilian attire, trying to keep some kind of a military line, but never having been taught; they were quite hopeless. It is not the most inspiring thing in the world to be thinking about joining an army—thoughts of trim uniforms, of bands, flags—and then to be herded into a barrack yard in civilian clothes. It gives the look of and induces the feeling of a mob of strikers or “down-and-outs” waiting outside of a factory for a job. It is why officers are invariably so anxious to get their men in uniform.

Unprepared as we were for war, it was little short of a miracle how we were ever able to get the men into uniform. Nobody was to blame. The blame lay upon the whole nation, upon our lack of foresight, upon our fatuous belief as a people that war could never come to us, upon our credulity in believing the friendly assurances of the Imperial German Government.

Superhuman efforts dribbled supplies into camp, but only America that built a vast country out of the wilderness could have done this—outfitted as many men as we did for war on such short notice.

Bill Hawkins was finally given his outfit. He was entirely satisfied until he put on the Army shoes; they felt too big. Greatly excited, he sought a Lieutenant. "These shoes are seven and one-half," he said. "I wear sevens. Could I have them exchanged?"

The Lieutenant, who had spent the summer hiking for ten miles at a stretch, spoke with rare wisdom—the wisdom of blistered feet. "I thought the same as you do, Private Hawkins," he said, "and the first march I took landed me in the hospital. Then I learned that on a stiff march the foot swells to a size one-half larger. Keep the shoes."

So, with his American Army shoes, which are the lightest and strongest in the world, with his canvas leggings, khaki pants, woolen shirt to match, campaign hat, its jaunty red cord of the Artillery, the only touch of color about him, Bill Hawkins fell in line to get his first instruction as a soldier. To the tune of "Attention!" "Right Face!" "Forward

March!" "Halt!" he began. He thought the Lieutenant in charge made a lot of fuss over nothing.

"I want you men," said the Lieutenant, "to stand at attention with your heels together—that means together, not one a quarter of an inch ahead of the other. I want you to rest the weight of the body lightly on the balls of your feet. Stand erect, chest out, shoulders thrown back, stomach pulled in, back slightly arched at the waist. Head is firm, chin high, eyes looking straight to the front. Hands hang naturally at the sides, thumbs just touching the seam of your trousers. That is called the Position of the Soldier. Try it."

Bill Hawkins tried; he tried again; he kept on trying; he tried for half an hour. But he couldn't see the sense of it. Later in the day at a conference it was explained to him.

"The work you did to-day," said the Captain, "was to give you complete control of your body in drills, so you can get around quickly and easily at every command. You all know how to walk and run, but you don't know how to do it without making extra work of it. You are being taught how to walk at a steady gait. Our military experts tried all sorts of ways

before coming to the conclusion that marching one hundred and twenty steps to the minute, keeping the upper part of the body erect, not exerting it, will find a man fresher at the end of a hard hike than any other gait."

Bill Hawkins accepted this on faith, and having good stuff in him, made up his mind to get it right. Three weeks later he was made a Corporal—but I anticipate. There were those of his comrades, however, who could see no sense in all this, who never did a thing in the prescribed way unless an officer was standing over them. But there was always "kitchen police" for them to do.

The next sensation Bill Hawkins had was the military physical training drill. This gave him a bad half hour. He discovered the location of muscles, the existence of which he was unaware. Secretly he raged against this exercise. "I came here to fight," he muttered. He had wondered what "Arms forward and upward raise" had to do with war.

"For every man an army has in the hospital," he later heard the Captain say, "five men are needed to get him there and take care of him. A fighting man's worth depends upon his physical fitness. He must be strong enough

to stand all kinds of physical strain, all kinds of weather, resist all kinds of disease. Also, his nerves and mentality must be in a condition to bear up under the terrific clamor of modern battle. These physical training exercises make you strong enough to stand that. It is the old story—the weak perish, the strong survive. I take it you all want to survive; don't spoil your chances by not doing your exercise conscientiously and neglecting the care of your body."

Bill Hawkins understood and appreciated. Like most of his comrades in the National Army, he decided not to be a weak sister. But the next day he got an awful shock. He was taught how to salute and told he would be required to salute all officers. Something rose within him. He told himself as he put up his hand, imitating the instructor, that he was only doing this because he was compelled to. Nor was he alone in this. Back in quarters with his comrades that night a little group began to buzz.

"I don't see why we have to be saluting all the time. I don't mind it once in a while; but this putting your hand up to your hat every time you see an officer, it's like a servant or something." There was a chorus of muttered

assent. A generation of "I'm as good as the next man" thought was misinterpreting the salute.

Bill Hawkins made a few resolutions before he went to bed. He'd be "damned" if he'd salute all the time!

The next day he passed an officer; he knew he had been told to salute officers. The officer did not seem to be looking at him. Bill's thought was, "Can I get away with it?" He failed to salute and quickened his pace.

"Come back here!" the officer called. Bill, feeling he was going to be hung or something, nervously awaited developments.

"I want you to realize," said the officer, taking in at a glance that Bill was a recruit, "that you have been the cause of my disobeying Army Regulations. I owe you a salute and I cannot give it to you. By the Regulations I am compelled to salute every enlisted man. The prescribed form is that the enlisted man shall salute first. I cannot salute until you have done so. Salute!" . . . And Bill did.

Sensing that the strangeness of the men to military courtesies would make discontent unless it was explained to them, the Captain

called a meeting. He told them the story of the salute.

"In olden days," he said, "a knight invariably kept on his helmet. Only when he was among friends would he remove it. That meant he was not afraid of getting his head split open with a battle-axe. From that, the raising of his hand to take off his helmet has come down to us—the bow of civilian life. The salute is the soldier's way of making a bow. Officers are forbidden to take off their hats to women; they salute instead. That is the Army's way of doing it. So you see there is nothing subservient, nothing degrading in the salute; it is merely common politeness. If you weren't polite in civilian life, you will be polite here, and you will be so much the better men for it. And don't forget one thing: In the old days, only free men in an army were allowed to raise their hands; the slaves were not. A prisoner in the United States Army is forbidden to salute."

That made it easier for Bill Hawkins and his comrades. The salute was not an invasion upon their rights as free-born American citizens. One could go on and tell of other things that Bill caught on to quickly. He began to

like the life. The comradeship began to be pleasant. There was a relief from financial responsibility. He was fed, he was clothed, he was housed, the services of a doctor were at any time free. He got \$30 a month and a promise of more if he was made a non-commissioned officer. He made up his mind to be a Sergeant. He paid attention to everything, asked questions and, when he got a chance, he studied in the military text-book that had been issued to him.

As the days wore on he began to get an idea that there was something to the army far more interesting than mere mechanical drill. He began to slash the air with signal flags, to send and read messages at Army speed. He began to get an idea of the Field Guns, of the enormous power they were capable of developing and of the uncanny scientific accuracy with which their shells can be dropped miles away. He began to love the guns. That day he became an Artilleryman. . . .

It has been my rare fortune to be able to hear the opinion of the highest officers of our Division on the new men of the National Army and of the Captains and Lieutenants who are commanding them—the men from the Officers’

Training Camps of last summer. The men whom I heard speak are West Point graduates, picked men of the Army; one a General, the other a wizard of our General Staff, veterans of war in Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico; men whose business it has been to know precisely what has gone on in Europe since history repeated itself and Germanic tribes swept down from the north.

They were of the opinion that the officers from the Reserve Corps were highly efficient and that the calibre of the men called into the ranks of the National Army being above the average of the Regular Army recruit, this new National Army would be the best this country ever had.

What we did with our 190-odd rookies other officers have done. We sensed the caliber of these men; we saw that their spirit was right, that they were ready to play the game. They didn't like war. We Americans don't like war; we like peace. But so long as war has been forced upon us, so long as the Hohenzollerns have endangered our liberty as a nation, why, the men of the draft were ready.

It was put up to them, one night after they came to us; they could work out their own sal-

vation and be happy in the job, or they could have it forced upon them and be unhappy. I repeat, they were not conscripts; they did not come here as conscripts. They came with their heads high and ready to look you straight in the eye, so, of course they worked out their own salvation. Their spirit is stirring. The little things count. Against our desire we were compelled to make my first quota of men do the work of furniture movers, scrub women and scullions for two solid afternoons. The barracks had to be cleansed and put in shape for a new quota of the draft. But not a man grumbled. When they had worked for three hours steady, some of them came up to me and asked if there wasn't something else they could do. Ask the woman how much the average man likes to do housework. These rookies took it as being "all in the game."

Will they make good soldiers? Wait a few months; wait until the horses come and the guns and caissons go rolling down the road. A healthy life, the last yearnings for civilian habits worn away; regular hours, finely trained bodies, on horseback, that exhilarating sensation, with eyes unconsciously sweeping the horizon. The Battery guidon, a red and gold

pennon snapping in the wind. Will they have pride in it? Does Young America have pride in its college flag? Intensify that and you will get an idea of the way this army will feel.

Is it in the American to fight? Have they the stuff that makes a first-class fighting man? Can a country of civilians turn out an army to cope with the Kaiser's war machine that was forty years building? Yes, to everything. We commanders know. We are here working with these men; we know the stuff, and we know the spirit.

Sudden orders, a departure more silent and secret than Arabs ever made; an embarking, a stealing out into the ocean with lights doused; a wonderful feeling of security that American Jackies somewhere out in the night are swooping round and round, the foam flying from destroyer prows, holding the pirates of Tirpitz at bay. And then of a morning, sunny France; "Lafayette, we are here."

CHAPTER II

“MAKING MEN”

IN one of those wooden barracks which is housing a Division of the new National Army a recruit was holding forth.

“I’ll tell you men something: I had a brother. When the war broke out he skipped over to Canada and joined. He is over in France now—buried. I owe the Germans something for that. But that isn’t why I came down here. Bill, my brother, never lied. The letters he wrote home from the front—well, the Huns are brutes. The whole German race is crazy. It’s a mad dog loose in the world. I’m here and you’re here to shoot it or catch it. And let me tell you fellows that I didn’t have to come down. I was exempt, but I went to them and told them I wanted to come.”

That was spoken in an infantry regiment at Camp Dix. It has happened in every cantonment where the First Half Million is getting

ready for Europe. There comes to mind another case. The beginning was early in August at one of the Reserve Officers' Training Camps. A candidate for an artillery commission was called in front of his instructor. The axe was falling; men were being eliminated. The candidate was told he had not made good and that he would not be commissioned. He replied:

"All right. You don't think I have the stuff in me. I'll prove to you I have. I'm going down now and enlist in the National Army. I don't want a recommendation for a Sergeant's job. I don't want anything."

That man, a son of a well-to-do family, high bred, a Yale graduate, voluntarily went down as a private. He made good incredibly fast. His act was the making of him. A too casual air had rightly deprived him of his commission. It has been replaced by one of grim sternness of purpose. I thought, "He will get his commission before this war is over." . . . He had not been at Camp Dix three months when he was given a chance to earn it. Would he care to try for it in a flying school? Of course. To-day he is in Texas at a school for flying officers. . . . Blood will tell.

What are our new Reserve Officers doing with the thousands of young American lives that have been entrusted to them? They are working first to develop an army that will cleanse the world of Hohenzollern slime. To do this, they are striving to make efficient soldiers, and that is dependent upon better manhood, morally and physically. Their goal is to return the men of the National Army to their homes better in every way than when they left them. How is this being done?

What is happening at our cantonment is happening in every National Army cantonment throughout the United States. In the first place, we're getting the right man for the right job. No square pegs in round holes. When the recruit comes down, he faces an officer who has in front of him a card upon which is printed nearly every known occupation and profession and upon which is space for all kinds of data concerning the recruit. This is a permanent record of the qualifications that the recruit brings to the army from civil life. The cards, a half million of them, are then filed. If a Battery of Artillery needs two horseshoers, the file is consulted by a Personnel Officer. It is learned that an Infantry

Company has two horseshoers. On the tables of organization it doesn't need them. The Artillery Battery gets its two horseshoers.

But putting the men in the right job doesn't stop there. Psychological tests are being conducted. Curiously enough, they are the outgrowth of the psychological laboratory experiments of the late Prof. Hugo Munsterburg who, when he wasn't lecturing at Harvard, was apologizing for the atrocities of his fellow countrymen. Psychological laboratories are operating in the National Army cantonments. Already it has been determined that five per cent. of the drafted men have minds approaching genius and fitted to carry them to the top in any calling. Fifteen per cent. are above normal. Sixty per cent. are average—reliable American types alert and capable but without special talent. Fifteen per cent. are below normal, and five per cent. more are mental deficients.

Thus we have complete information to put at the disposal of an Artillery and an Infantry Commander. The "laboratories" hand over to him information that the most painstaking work of observation would take months to get. From a report a Commander can now tell

what men he can rely on in an emergency; what men will rattle; those who will rise above a situation and meet a crisis; those whose nervous systems may snap under the strain of shell fire; those who are unreliable—indeed what not. Everything that science can do is being utilized to make this National Army efficient quickly.

The first problem was to take the recruit and make a soldier out of him. What was a civilian's idea of a soldier? A drunk, a gambler, a roustabout to be barred when in uniform from the best seats in our theaters, as often happened to our shame not five years ago. And the conception a good many of us had of a soldier that he was a good-for-nothing—that came because the misdeed of one man if he be in uniform will brand a thousand of his comrades with the stigma. No, a soldier isn't that. He is a member of the most honorable profession in the world. A good soldier is thoroughly conscientious and reliable. Trickery is not in his make-up. If it is, he sooner or later finds his way into a military prison.

So we were handicapped by this conception that America had of the soldier. Many of the men who came down here thought they were

going into a kind of prison. One can never forget a dreary, rainy daybreak that debouched them from special trains into the mud of the camp siding, blundering, bumping into one another, trying to form some kind of a line for roll call. It reminded one of a Russian retreat. And then a month later those same men swinging past a Commanding Officer on review 120 steps to the minute, perfect rhythm, improved poise of bodies, chins high. No more stoop-shouldered slouching around with eyes on the ground. Men who took care of their uniforms, kept them clean, had pride in themselves and their Battery. That transformation came in one month—even with the Socialists.

A National Army Captain reclaimed a Socialist. The Captain knew the man was a Socialist. The men who came in the same draft quota with him said so. Military life was inhuman. The war was schemed by Wall Street. He would rather die for an ideal than for none. He would face a firing squad—for Socialism. Like most of his kind, he came peacefully to camp, ate more than his share of the food, and drilled. Then came the Great Thought.

The Socialist caused a telegram to be sent to

himself. His father was dead; his sister was prostrated with grief. He showed the telegram to his Captain and asked for a furlough. The Captain knew the father's death to be camouflaged, but he at once granted the Socialist's request, and asked: "Do you need any money?"

The Socialist thought he had enough. The Captain became all kindness.

"Better take this, old man," and he passed a twenty-dollar bill into the private's hand. Confused, the Socialist left the office. Had he not been told that military men were inhuman? Outside, he met a Lieutenant who was sorry to hear of the bereavement, and pressed more money upon him. The Socialist went to the railroad station; but an hour later he was back in barracks. He tossed the Captain's twenty-dollar bill on the table. "Captain," he said, "I'm a liar. My father isn't dead. My sister isn't ill. I faked that telegram."

"I knew you did," the Captain replied. "I wanted to try you out. I believed in you."

That Socialist is to-day a good soldier. One could go on and recount endless incidents of men who have found their real selves in the National Army. The right stuff was in

Young America all the time. It was only choking and gasping beneath the selfishness of the life we had come to lead as a nation. War is a paradox. It destroys and it creates. It brings out the best or the worst in a man, exaggerating either quality. It does the same thing to the women of a warring country, making them wantons or saints. War is not all black; there is a good deal of white in it. There is a great deal of the beautiful in man, revealing itself in the cantonments of the National Army.

The officers are playing fair with the men, and they are quick to respond to the same treatment. There were two college men who enlisted and who after a time applied for a furlough to visit their college town. The pass entitled them to forty-eight hours. At the end of that time they sent a telegram to their Battery Commander which read: "Nobody dead. Nobody dying. Nobody sick. Are having a fine time. Kindly extend pass privileges. Kindly advise by wire collect." The reply was a prepaid telegram extending their pass.

The spirit suggested by this telegram is slowly making its way in the National Army. The men are getting to like their officers and

the officers to like their men. The spirit of the relation between a French commander and his men seems unconsciously to have developed here. In France the commander is to his men "My Captain"; the men to the Captain are "*Mes enfants*"—great big men-children, often his superior physically and mentally, but still "*Mes enfants*." That implies the Captain has them under his care. He is looking out for them. They will get the best food he can give them; the best clothing he can wheedle out of the Supply Officer; the most privileges consistent with military discipline he can allow them. And the men know this. They know that he does not regard them as mere machines, as "conscripts." Confound the first writer in this country who applied that word to the National Army!

And the Reserve Officers are looking after the men under them in a practical way. For an hour every day the men are put through rigorous physical exercises. They are given talks on personal hygiene.

And have you ever heard of a "moral prophylactic"? It is being administered to every soldier in the National Army. Venereal disease impairs the fighting efficiency of an

army and it ultimately impairs the man and womanhood of a nation. My intent is not a medical discussion, but enough holes have been shot in the Conspiracy of Silence, which for generations we were prone to wage against our children, to allow some light to come through. A man who has been sexually diseased affects his offspring or the children of his offspring. And in the majority of cases he injures his own health. When this war is done, healthy manhood will be too precious a thing for any of it to be wasted.

To that end, a campaign of enlightenment is being carried on in the National Army camps. The Conspiracy of Silence is being broken. Moral prophylactics are being administered, and, should they fail, a soldier must take a physical prophylactic or be court martialled.

The part that the Y. M. C. A. is playing in developing the spirit of the new army is of great importance. It is dealing in practical religion. If there is one thing this war has done it has delivered a terrific blow at theology and has breathed big new life into religion. It has turned man's thoughts in a common channel unimpeded in their flow toward God by the

obstacles that creeds have barraged. The work of the Y. M. C. A. in the cantonment suggests that. To be religious, one no longer has to be unhappy. On Sundays one may smile, one may even sing the songs of the day, one may even dance without being damned. Do you know what the Y. M. C. A. did of a Sunday in a National Army cantonment? They put on Anna Held and sixteen Broadway show girls. Then the only Anna sang and the show girls went through the evolutions of the chorus.

Picture that scene. A wooden Y. M. C. A. shack, distinguished from the other buildings of the camp by its coat of green paint. A little stage from which in the morning a noted clergyman had spoken to a "small but enthusiastic audience." The afternoon at four o'clock Anna Held appeared the place was jammed. Soldiers had climbed up on the rafters and, after she had sung in her gay mood, she changed of a sudden. Her face changed, her expression too. There came into it the spiritual. We hadn't known her any more than we had known France. She began to recite. It was a poem to the defenders of Verdun. She spoke it in French. Not one man in

twenty could understand it, but they followed her breathlessly—her face! And tears came into her eyes as she spoke of the French dead. One could have heard the faintest sound in that hall. One did hear a sound as if something intangible moved. It was the thought of sacrifice. Our soldiers could not understand her words, but they could read her face. They could see that she was in anguish at the thought of the sacrifices her beloved France had made to keep the Hun at bay. And that which moved in the air, that which went out to her was an unspoken pledge from those soldiers who were coming to help her land. The same sort of pledge which prompted one man to write home: "It is impossible for me to express the feeling that is within me." That was some of the feeling unloosened in that shack. That was the very essence of religion—*sacrifice*.

The Y. M. C. A. has gone to grips in a fight with the army of vice. Now the forces of vice are often more dangerous than the enemies' bullets. They break down a man's moral fiber. They lead him to the lie, the fraud, the theft, sometimes to murder, and surely sooner or later to the hospital. All that is bad from a



The Y. M. C. A.'s shacks are made attractive places to visit, and once there the soldier is in an atmosphere that is clean.



military point of view and for the race. The Y. M. C. A. has tackled the problem, man fashion. What has attracted soldiers? Why is it they preferred to go to cities instead of to Y. M. C. A. buildings? Because they are entertained in the cities and bored by the "uplift" entertainment. What bores them? Continually being told how they must live if they would be saved. A soldier spends six days in the week continually being told how to do things. On the seventh he doesn't want to be told to do anything. That may not be theology, but it is human nature.

With that fundamental, the Y. M. C. A. has set up counter attractions to the cities and their temptations. It is keeping the soldiers in camp, not by boring them with interminable sermons and the psalm-singing on Sunday. Rather it is putting on good shows. Anna Held, boxing bouts, motion pictures, clog dances. And they reach the soldier. He gets in the habit of coming to the Y. M. C. A., and there he unconsciously yields to its Christian influences instead of having them jammed down his throat. In other words, the Y. M. C. A.'s shacks are made attractive places for him to visit, and, once there, he is in an atmos-

phere that is clean. He comes in contact with the Y. M. C. A. workers who he finds are not "Stiffs," "Mamma-boys," but who are good husky men, willing to put on the gloves with him, poke him one in the eye and take one in return, and not be ashamed of God. *That is practical Christianity.* That is the brand developed by the British army at the front. That is the kind that is slowly going to make the National Army men better.

The old barbaric gods of the Northland are amuck again in the world. Again the Teutonic tribes are swooping down, ravaging fair lands. They have done so throughout all known European history. Only now their greed and lust for conquest is vaster. They are looking beyond France, beyond England, across the sea to us. They have crushed Belgium, Servia, Russia, Roumania. It rests with us. France and England are holding them at bay, until we come—and *we're coming with men.*

CHAPTER III

“THE ARMY LAUGHS”

SOLDIERS work hard, and they would play hard—if they could. They have their grievances and their laughs. They invariably grumble about their “mess,” no matter how good it is. For that is expected of the old soldier, and in three months our National Army boys became quite experienced and blasé. The civilian population could be wondering where it was going to buy a pound of sugar—when Hoover’s conservation went into effect—but if Sammy of the National Army didn’t get the regular Quartermaster allowance every morning in his oatmeal and coffee there was a row. And it’s surprising how quickly they caught on—just what the allowances were, just what they should receive for their ration if the Mess Sergeant was on the job. Also, no matter how efficient he may be, a Mess Sergeant is always a failure in the eyes of the men.

“He hands us hash and fries himself eggs, on the side—the burglar!” Often that is a morning salutation. Now to rise at six and to stand reveille in the cold is never pleasing to some, no matter how long they have been doing it. And so at breakfast the grouches bloom; and so with the bugles calling to morning drill, with the after-breakfast cigarettes mellowing the atmosphere, the gloom is ironed out and the laughs begin. For laughs there are in the National Army, whole rolling torrents of them.

Paterson, New Jersey, sent the foreign-born from its silk mills to Camp Dix. See them standing one morning in the barrack yard of an artillery regiment. See that little Italian in the front rank, his chest stuck 'way out, his stomach too, in a sincere, if wrong, effort to stand as a soldier at attention. Now at the command, “Count off!” the men turn head and eyes to the right and each calls out his number as soon as the man next to him has spoken. Facing the Battery stood the Captain.

“Count off!” he commanded.

One after another the men sounded off: “One—two—three—four! One—two—three—four! One—two—three—four! *See x hun-*

'dred twent'-nine!" The Captain's eyes picked up the offender—the little Italian with his chest and stomach bravely pushed out.

"Count off!" the Captain orderèd again, satisfying himself that the Italian had tried no "horsing."

And again they sounded off: "One—two—three—four!" and so on until it came to the Italian, and then very earnestly "*Seex-hundred twent'-nine!"* A man in the rear rank snickered. The Captain looked stern. He took a few steps toward the little Italian, who, like a statue, stood with his body so absurdly thrust forward.

"Say, Recruit Mongelli," said the Captain, "what's wrong with you? You ought to know your number by now. What is it?"

"*Seex hundred twent'-nine!"* exploded the Italian. The Captain hesitated, deliberating upon the guard house. A look of alarm entered the Italian's face. "*Mio Capitaine,*" he said, eager to please. "You aska me mia number. Ia tella you seex hundred twent'-nine. For fiva year I work ina the silk factory. Mia numero there alway seex hundred twent'-nine." The Captain threw up his hands.

Now, just as in college or prep school, when

a new boy comes there is fun at his expense, so did some of the Non-Commissioned officers sent by the Regular Army to help the National Army get going have their fun with the "rookies." And oddly enough there was a spirit in the National Army that was bigger. For when the second group of the draft came to cantonment the drafted men who had been there some months before them did all they could to help and make things pleasant for the newcomers. They showed them the ropes instead of tying them up in them. But not some of the Non-Commissioned from the Regulars; they had to have their bit of horse-play with the rookies.

Now, as you know, reveille is the name of that accursed bugle call which turns a man out of a warm bed into a cold morning.

One day there appeared before a veteran Sergeant on duty in the Regimental Supply Office a rookie, who asked: "Please, sir, give me some reveille oil."

"Some what?" exploded the old Sergeant.

"Reveille oil," repeated the recruit; and, eager to air some newly acquired wisdom, he went on: "It's an oil used to fix up a bugle so it'll blow all right on cold mornings."

The Sergeant bit on his lip. "Who told you that, sonny?" he asked.

"Corporal McChiskey, sir," the rookie replied; "and he said that you didn't like to give out reveille oil, that it was so scarce, but for me to be sure and not to come back without it."

"Hm," mused the old Sergeant. "Well, sonny, you go back to Corporal McChiskey and tell him that we're all out of reveille oil, but that we've got a hundred yards of skirmish line if he wants it." And "skirmish line," should you not know, is the "firing line."

"Guess that'll fix McChiskey," growled the Sergeant, and went on with his work.

Yes, the rookies had their little troubles at the start, and—bless them!—they gave the overworked officers many a silent laugh. They gave the Mustering Officers laughs. I know; I have been a Mustering Officer.

Every soldier enrolled in a regiment must be quizzed by the Mustering Officer and his assistants, and a thousand confounded papers filled out for him. There is one document in particular that gives trouble. It is the card for the "Designation of Beneficiary." Upon that is recorded for the soldier the person he wishes notified and to receive any money that

may be due from the Government in the event of the soldier's death. To a rookie one doesn't use the word "death." One tries to be more diplomatic. To a big Irish recruit a Muster-
ing Officer said: "Now, whom do you wish to designate as your beneficiary?"

"Me what?"

"Your beneficiary. Now suppose," and the lieutenant went on patiently, although it was the four hundred and nineteenth man who had stood before him in a last sleepless twenty-four hours. "Now suppose anything were to happen to you. Suppose a wagon were to run over you, whom would you want to be notified?"

"The priest—Father McMahan."

"No," the Lieutenant explained; "not the priest, but—er——" And throwing tact aside, he rushed to the point: "Suppose you were wounded—got hit with a bullet—see? Who would you want notified—some person who'd come first into your mind whom you'd want told?"

"Oh, I get you now!" chuckled the Irishman. "The doctor. Always notify the doctor." Uttering a low moan, the Lieutenant collapsed.

And they wonder why Mustering Officers go mad? I've always suspected that Irishman.

Not so long ago I mustered in a Battalion of a Negro regiment, all of them rookies of the draft. Their casual outlook upon life was delightful.

"Recruit Perkins," I asked one, "are you married or single?"

"Single, suh, but Ah's done mah duty, suh—three children, suh."

There came another: "Recruit Pinckney. Married or single?"

"Waal, Ah was married, boss, but mah wife she done went up and went over the hill with some no-'count coon."

"Are you divorced?" I asked him.

"No, boss, not exactly that; but Ah'm married again; not exactly married—but Ah's mighty comfortable, boss—mighty comfortable."

Their emotions are as transient as children's, the lesser educated of our Negro soldiers, while their comrades who have gone to the public schools and higher are extremely dignified, filled with ambition, reliable, wholly trustworthy, and eager to do their part for America. One records these qualities for the sur-

face judgment of a Negro regiment is often grossly unfair. Popularly it is supposed to be a gathering of likable but wholly irresponsible children of the Southland, who invariably spend their time off drill with craps, clog dancing, wild women, and razors. That's a libel, for I know in my own Battery there were more men studying how to become Non-Commissioned officers than there were men for whom life was one long "moon an' rag."

But they made the fun, and as fun it is recorded. One of our men had in civilian life been a Pullman porter. Well, anything that comes to a Pullman porter belongs to him. When the porter was told that his services would be more valuable to the nation in the army than brushing the life out of passengers' coats, to Camp Dix he went. His wife stayed home. Also, being a Pullman porter, he left stacks of money in the bank. He wrote his wife to draw some of this money and come down to visit him at camp. He'd meet her at Trenton early Saturday afternoon, and they'd do the Jersey capital until Sunday evening, when his pass would be up and he'd have to return to camp.

His newly acquired chum in the battery was

a tall, handsome young Negro, called "Buck." "Buck" had only thrown trunks around for the railroad, not passengers' clothing, so Buck didn't begin to have the Pullman porter's roll. Woe of woes on the morning of the Saturday when the porter's wife was to come! For he was taken sick and sent to the Regimental Infirmary.

"Grippe," pronounced our Medical Captain. "You will remain here in bed."

What was the poor fellow to do? His wife coming all the way from Wilmington and he not at Trenton to meet her! He had an inspiration. He sent for his new chum, "Buck." He asked Buck, as a great favor, to spend his Saturday half-holiday going over to Trenton to meet the wife. Buck demurred until, lured by the thoughts of a twenty-mile drive in a "jitney" to Trenton and back to camp—which the helpless porter agreed to pay for. On Saturday, promptly at 12:15, Buck, after being inspected by an officer, who verified he was properly uniformed, left the barracks for Trenton.

Three o'clock no word from Buck. Four o'clock and the Pullman porter began to get worried. Six o'clock, no word—not even a

telephone message. Nine o'clock that night and the porter was for leaping out of the infirmary bed. Ten o'clock and, calling for an attendant, he dashed off a telegram and begged him to send it off for him. With a grin the attendant—before drafted having been a bellhop—held him up for a dollar and read the telegram as he left the room. It was to the porter's father-in-law. It said:

“Advise me immediately of the whereabouts of your daughter.”

The next day no word—nor the next. To make matters worse, the porter had been sent back to his barracks, and his “bunkies,” who were now on to the happenings, consoled him—thus delicately. “Yo’ ought t’ have known better dan t’ let yo’ wife meet Buck. Look out for dem big black babies!”

On Tuesday night the wandering Buck returned. He went straight to the hospital, complaining of a pain in the stomach and “aphasia.”

“Honest t’ Gawd, doctor,” pleaded Buck, “that fool nigger’ll kill me if Ah goes to th’ barracks. Ah didn’t even see his wife. Ah

goes t' Trenton an' Ah gets aphasia, some-thin' awful, doctor—yes, sir, awful!" . . . And the Pullman porter to this day doesn't know whether to believe his wife or not, who we heard wrote him that she had changed her mind and stayed in Wilmington. . . . Now with white troops that would probably have meant a big row, but all it produced was: "Look out fo' Buck. He's one of dem big black babies."

But to be fair to our men, not forgetting that this little *affaire de cœur* had for its chief actors two of our worst and most ignorant men, one recalls a white soldier who got just as hard a shock as the Pullman porter must have had.

For days Private Runney had been bothering his Captain. "Have I the Captain's permission to speak to the Colonel?" Private Runney declined to tell the Captain why he wanted to see the Colonel, but insisted that it was something of grave importance. Finally to get rid of him—for the man had become a nuisance, hovering in the vicinity of an orderly room whenever he was off duty—the Captain took him in to see the Colonel. Private Runney very mysteriously sidled up to the Colonel.

"Last Tuesday night, sir," the private said, "the Lord spoke to me. He told me that I should not drill."

"What time was this?" asked the Colonel.

"It was about midnight, sir, when I heard the Lord's voice forbidding me to drill."

"Don't worry, Private Runney," said the Colonel, perfectly seriously. "I was talking to the Lord about you, two hours after he spoke to you. And the Lord told me that I was to drill you hard, because your mind is on something else. So, Saturday afternoon, Private Runney, drill. The Lord's will, not ours, be done." . . .

It is while he is on duty as a sentry that the rookie makes the fun. I recall a Captain of Infantry, himself no conventional character, now no longer in the service, so he may be noted. Assigned to one of the National Army camps the man who in civil life had been a brilliant lawyer early made a reputation as an eccentric. Invited to a dinner in a pretentious house near the cantonment, he made a sensation, when the hostess, never dreaming that she would be taken up, told her officer guests, as a joke, that they might take anything out of her house that appealed to them for furnish-

ing their rooms at camp. What she was doing was having a quiet little joke, comparing her guests to the staff of His Imperial Highness, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia who, upon lunching in a French château, appropriated after coffee all the silverware. All got the point, except this Captain, who had been a lawyer, and he, taking his hostess seriously, made a minute examination of all the effects of the house and then quite gravely informed her:

“Madame, Captain X—— accepts your kind offer and will take the bowl of goldfish in your sun parlor for his room.”

His hostess was shocked but game, and the next day delivered up the bowl of goldfish that the Captain's orderly promptly called for. Yes, I said, he had been a lawyer. That began the Captain's reputation for doing the unexpected. He enhanced it the day sixty-odd new recruits were assigned to his company. Lining them up, he said:

“I suppose all you men have brought your goldfish to camp with you. Any goldfish food that you have left over after feeding your pets, bring into the orderly room for our fish there. . . . Dismissed.” The recruits stared at each

other blankly as they plodded into barracks. "Nut," some one said.

There was a shortage of rifles then—it was in September. The Captain who may have been a good lawyer sent to a near-by city for two gross of baseball bats. He would only have the best "Louisville Sluggers," over a hundred dollars' worth. And he began to teach his company the Manual of Arms with baseball bats for rifles. One day he lectured to them on "Guard Duty."

"I'm going to post a guard of three privates and two Corporals to-night," he explained, "in the empty barracks. You will be armed with baseball bats. If any one attempts to enter that building without authority, I want you to beat them up—remember that, beat them up—no matter who they say they are; no matter if they say they're me—Captain X—— himself. I want you men to get trained in the idea that as sentry you're boss; that you cannot be trifled with."

So far so good. But that night Captain X—— had a Big Idea. In his room he slyly stripped off all insignia of his rank. He took the officer's cord from his hat. He slipped on a raincoat, which bears no stripings of rank.

He took off his puttees and sent over to the supply office for a pair of soldier's canvas leggings. Thus altered, he set out at midnight. He would catch his guard asleep and give them the devil. Cautiously stalking about the empty barracks, seeing no sign of a sentry, he slid along the outer wall and gently pushed open a window.

"Wonder what that damned fool's up to," thought the sentry.

By George, the fellow had opened the window! He was trying to get in!

"Corporal of the Guard!" shouted the sentry.

In vain had the Captain tried to spring over the high window ledge into the room. There he hung, head and shoulders inside the room, legs dangling outside. A baseball bat rang against his pants. The sentry was obeying his orders.

"Ouch!" cried Captain X——. Down crashed the bat again. "Stop it, you idiot! I'm Captain X——."

"That's all bunk!" cried the sentry. "Our Captain warned us against stalls like that!" And away he clouted at the Captain's pants. The Corporal came up with his guard, and

they all belabored him, with the Captain now shouting: "That's the way, men. That's being on the job—ouch!—you're right, men. . . . Damn! . . . That's the way to be sentries. . . . Hell's bells! . . . Fine, men!" . . . The next day a board of alienists sat on the case of Captain X—— and he was retired to civil life.

These ferocious sentries have a way of boomeranging. There was one Brigadier General at Camp Ayer who had a reputation for sentries throughout all that New England Division. His sentries challenged anybody and anything after taps; stopped motor cars, even if they were labelled all over with U. S.; stopped officers going from one barrack to another; made themselves just as lordly as sentries can be. One day the General himself was making the rounds. As he approached a sentry on Post 4, the sentry failed to salute.

"Don't you know that I'm an officer?" cautioned the General.

Coolly the rookie looked over the General, and then replied icily: "I'm not acquainted with you."

Really, these days the life of a General is sometimes hard. I know of one in a Southern

camp—one dares not breathe his name—who got the shock of his life from a National Army rookie, of the Quartermaster Corps, too! The trouble was all due to the color of the hat cord. The Quartermaster Corps—or Q. M., as they are known—wear a hat cord of a yellowish shade, disconcertingly akin to a General's. Also, the Q. M. not being the line," one is apt to find both officers and men of quite generous girth among the Q. M.'s. There was one such, a rookie. For a week Fatty had mistaken every Q. M. hat cord for a General's, and he was saluting his arm off.

"This camp is full of Generals," he complained one night to a "bunkie"; so his new-found chum tipped him off

"You've been saluting nothing but privates, like yourself."

"The hell I have!" Fatty roared indignantly.

"Sure; the Q.M. hat cord looks just like a General's."

"Huh," grunted Fatty, vowing to lay for the next Q.M. private who tried to put it over on him. A few days later a pleasantly plump man in his fifties wearing a golden hat cord

sauntered down by the Quartermaster sheds, casually looking them over.

"See here, Private," admonished the stranger, stepping in front of Fatty. "Don't you know enough to salute when you see me?"

"You bet I do, you old lollop!" snorted Fatty. "You don't fool me on any of that stuff any more. I'm wise. See?" and derisively he wriggled his fingers against his nose. Aghast, the stranger contemplated him.

"Don't you know who I am?"

"You bet I know," chuckled Fatty; "you're one of those Quartermaster birds that wears a hat cord somethin' like a General's and tries to pose as a General to pull down salutes. Beat it. I'm busy with these beans."

Two hours later Fatty received an imperative summons to report in the Aides' Office at Division Headquarters. There he was met by a grieved-looking young officer who led him into the presence of "the big lollop."

"My Gawd," mumbled Fatty, "it is the General!"

"Take a good look at me too, young man, so you'll know me," roared the General. "The next time you'll get only one look." And Fatty looked.

Did you ever handle a Colt automatic pistol, one of the Army "forty-fives"? If you have, you respect it. The rookie, likewise, is unaware that it is one of the most dangerous weapons unskilled hands can carry. In the grip of the greenhorn it has a way of accidentally going off. The first week the camp guard was posted in one of the Eastern cantonments, the rookies were given Colt automatics. Rough characters existed among the laborers who were still working on the cantonment, and it was not thought wise to leave out the sentries unarmed. So they were instructed:

"Load your clips with two blank cartridges at the top. Put five ball cartridges under them. Thus if you get into such trouble that you'll have to use your pistol you can fire twice right at the man with two blanks. If that doesn't scare him off and he's assaulting you, you've got the ball cartridges to fall back upon."

Now one day when that guard was on, a friend of mine was Officer of the Day. The officer acting as such is responsible for all the sentries, and must inspect them on post frequently. He made his first inspecting round

at night. "Halt!" he heard a sentry shout. "Who's there?"

"Friend!"

"Advance, friend. . . . Halt!" . . . *Bang!*

And my friend, the Lieutenant, got his first sensation of being under fire. Something sped by, sucking in the air with a whistling sound—a bullet! Like a flash he dropped to the ground. *Bang!* A second bullet whistled overhead. *Bang!* No sound of a bullet.

"The damned fool!" swore the Lieutenant softly. "He loaded two ball cartridges first instead of two blanks." And sure enough, when the sentry had calmed down, the Lieutenant found this to be so.

"I didn't fire," the sentry explained; "the pistol just started firing somehow and ran away with me."

"All right," said the Lieutenant grimly; and two hours later he made a second swing round the posts. This time the sentries were amazed to hear their Lieutenant calling to them out of the night:

"Hello! Here I come! Hello! This is the Officer of the Day coming! Don't shoot!" . . . Which was quite novel for the night inspection of sentries but grim military neces-

sity, with Colt automatics in the hands of rookies. That time the National Army had the laugh on an officer.

There are not a few laughs on officers. There was a Major of a Depot Brigade, which is a reservoir of troops to replace losses in a fighting division. Not so very long ago the Major had been a Lieutenant in the Regular Army and commissioned higher; he was rising to every situation. There was one situation, however, that floored him cold. Broken down by the day-and-night work of those early days of the National Army, he was taken to the hospital. His Captains and Lieutenants thought it would be decent to send him some flowers, and they did. Later, when the Major was returned from the hospital for duty, his first act was to storm into the office of the Battalion Adjutant.

"Do you know anything about any flowers being sent down to the hospital for me?" he demanded of the Captain.

"Why, yes, Major."

"Out with it! Who did it?"

"Why, we all did, Major. The officers got together——"

"And sent me a damned funeral wreath!"

snapped the Major. "But I fooled you all."

Nothing would satisfy the Major that it hadn't been done deliberately until he investigated for himself and learned that the florist had made the mistake of confusing the order for the hospital with one for a maiden lady of the neighborhood. It was this same Major who, hovering around while a company was being paid, upbraided an Irish boy for not saying "Here!" distinctly when his name was called.

"Now, Private Hallorahan," directed the Major, injecting himself into the situation to the annoyance of the Private's Captain, "say 'Here!' as if you meant it."

Hallorahan mumbled something.

"What!" exclaimed the Major. "Can't you say 'Here!' plainly and loudly?"

"Faith and I can't," the Irish boy replied. "I ain't got no upper teeth." Every officer was careful to look in another direction from the Major.

There was a joke pinned upon the Medical Officers of one regiment that they have yet to hear the end of. For weeks these doctors had been urging the Captains to preach Personal Hygiene and Sanitation to their men. Regu-

larly every fortnight the doctors would then visit barracks, assembling the men in the mess hall—"where the light was good"—and examine them for "cooties" and the need of baths. That went on for several weeks. Then one night the privates of Battery E were allowed to give a "smoker." Monologues, songs, and all were on the bill. All the officers of the regiment were there; the Medical Officers early made their presence apparent by peeping under the tables for crumbs, even though it was "smoker night." A minstrel show was on, the rookies blackened up.

"What, Mr. Bones, is the Medical Department's idea of sanitation?"

"Give up, Mr. Interlocutor."

"Why, Mr. Bones, the Medical Department's idea of sanitation is 'cootie' inspection in the mess hall."

Wow! The Medical Officers glared, but the Colonel laughed. The next day at Officer's Call, though, no one noticed that the Colonel was laughing; particularly the Medical Officers noted that fact. And they ceased to turn the men's dining hall into a clinic.

There is in one National Army cantonment where the Negro soldiers are housed, a mysteri-

ous organization. Every Tuesday and Friday its members, soldiers of one of the colored regiments, march through the camp forty-eight strong. Nobody knows where they go, only the regimental officers know. At first they used to slouch down, as if they had been caught at something and were going for punishment. Then the Regimental Surgeon himself, an old National Guard Infantry Captain, took hold of them. Now they go marching down through the camp in column of squads, heads up and singing like larks "*It's a long lane that has no turning.*" They form the "club," The Mysterious Forty-Eight, who go regularly to the Base Hospital for treatment, but who, to see them, you'd think were kings of the road. And had white troops their disease they'd shuffle by, their eyes on the ground, detesting themselves and the world; but not our "club," which knows little more of disease than a child, and so struts and sings. For there are just enough of the go-lucky boys with the colored troops to make a splendid leaven. Their childishness, their spontaneity, their eagerness to break into song, relieve well the studious, set application of their more ambitious comrades. When we organized the regi-

ment, the first of its kind in American history, an artillery regiment of Negro soldiers, we told them briefly about artillery.

"You men," we said, "are lords of the road. You know the infantry. They walk. They're the doughboys. You don't walk. You ride. You're artillery."

"Capt'n; please, Capt'n," a voice called eagerly, "we have horses?"

"Yes; a hundred and sixty-six in one battery."

"Yo' all hear that? We folks have horses. Glory be! I love 'em, Capt'n."

"Yes, and you don't carry rifles," went on the Captain. "You have big Colt automatic pistols strapped to your belts."

"La! Oh, Lordy! Dat certainly am fine, Capt'n. All these yere niggers can leave their razors home now. Pistols? Th' Lawd am certainly good."

And the eyes then of many of them seemed just all white.

Shoes spick and span, uniforms neat and clean, slick and natty--that's the Negro soldier. He's there. He'll write his reputation big in France. He's working like a fiend. He has a big pride in his Division--the Ninety-second,

composed entirely of Negro soldiers. Listen to that big buck Corporal there.

“Listen now, all yo’ men,” he is saying to his squad. “Yo’ all see mah chevrons y’ere,” and he taps the Corporal’s stripes on his sleeve. “Yo’ men gotta know what them chevrons mean. Dey mean Ah was picked by the President to be a Corp’ral in his army. Dat the whole power”—expressively gesturing—“of the United States am now behind me when Ah says to yo’ all, Left—*F-hace!*” And they face.

CHAPTER IV

THE SPIRIT OF OUR MEN

WE love peace, yet we have produced some of the most brilliant Generals of history. It has ever been a way with us to keep the arts of war in the background and to bring peaceful pursuits to the fore. Yet, in the art of war we have excelled. Our cavalry tactics developed by the Civil War became the fundamentals of the cavalry training of every great European power. Our navy was the first to develop the "smoke screen" cast up by destroyers to hide a fleet. Yes, we love peace; we love our liberty. We have loved it so much throughout our entire history that we have always been willing to fight for it. It is a way with us to be peaceful, to want to remain friends with the world. It is also a way with us, that when the world has not let us be friends, we have become very dangerous enemies. So it is now. So are we rushing preparations for this war.

It is like us that we should do it on an unheard-of scale. The preparation for war that is going on in our country to-day is colossal. We must pause to weigh these things if we would understand the National Army.

With one sweep of the pen President Wilson accomplished what England and Canada muddled over, hesitated about, and finally accepted—what Australia has yet to accept after two years of wrangling. We had but to recognize the condition of war that Germany forced upon us when we plunged, in a typically American way, and did the one thing the British cabinets had feared to tackle—*compulsory military service!* Uncle Sam pushed his boot in the face of Old Man Tradition.

One can remember last spring, fateful April 6th—"War!" Then a "business man" said to me: "It won't be a real war; we are only bluffing. Fellows are not going to give up good jobs to join the army." Not one, but hundreds of thousands said that—at first. Money was put in the scales against the nation, and money won. In their minds, compulsory military service was not even dreamed of.

Said, too, a learned professor: "The effect of our educational system has been anything

but to prepare the American mind for compulsory military service. The American to-day will not accept it. If you attempt it, you will have draft riots worse than the Civil War. If you do get an army that way, it will be a chain gang."

And said a Naval Officer, who was just about to leave port in command of an armed merchantman—war had not been declared; it was in February: "I don't mind going over," he said. "The fact that we probably will be attacked by a submarine is all in the game. The risk is part of my profession. That isn't why I'm feeling blue. What I am thinking about is that we officers and seamen can be drowned protecting the American flag, others can be drowned, and it will be meaningless to most of the people back home. That's what hurts."

Now, none of the three men I have quoted, who expressed his opinion just at the time our war was gathering, completely knew his country. Would you know our country and its soul to-day? Leave the theater, the picture plays, the "uplift work" behind you. Sweep past the flutterings of surface emotion and come down to a National Army cantonment.

Seep into the soul of the National Army. There you will find America. You will find an America that some of us did not know existed—those of us in the younger generation. You will find that your country is not really made up of sectional selfishness, of small-town gossip, of big-city coldness, of cloak-and-suit-company humor, and of unfaithful wives and abducted virgins. You will find instead that the soul of America—and in its army, you find the naked soul—is vast.

You will think perhaps, as you reflect upon the spirit of the National Army, that our country came into being because of glorious Odysseys. You reflect that America was born in the minds of men who wanted liberty—liberty for religion; freedom from unjust taxation, from hopeless debt, and from persecution. You will think that our country's founders embarked on a Great Adventure, sailed the seas in miserable wooden boats, planted foot on a savage continent, hacked out homes, formed a nation, and fought war after war to retain it. And, as you observe, in the National Army, a foreign face under our campaign hat, your mind may go back to a vast Russian plain, to a wretched village where in a hovel

in the shadow of a monstrous gold-domed church a peasant—that recruit's father—hoarded his little savings for years until that day when he had enough to buy a ticket for America—to Liberty! Or you may think of an oppressed tenantry of the Balkans, of the downtrodden of Europe saving and saving, traveling on foot leagues of miles to gain the steamer—America—Liberty! And it may come to you that the spirit, the spark, which made these people of the past do those things, turn a wilderness into a nation or make untold sacrifices so as to become a part of our nation, it may come to you then that some of their soul has been transmitted to their sons. *For their sons to-day are America.* That which they and their parents fought so hard to gain is in danger. Slowly it has dawned upon us that we are in a war for our liberty and swiftly we are to fight to preserve it.

The French people of to-day, they are not warlike—like ourselves. Before the war clouds broke in 1914 they wanted peace. Like us, they had war forced upon them. They did not meet it as a nation, with laughter and joy—any more than we have. Most of the world could not grasp the soul of France at war.

That was because it did not know France; it knew Paris. How did it know Paris? Friends with money brought home stories. Unfaithful reproductions of French life were to be seen in any theater. It did not know France any more than it knows America. Germany looked at the worst in New York, at its obvious things, its extravagance, commercialism, and greed, and said: "Ah, that is America! It will not fight. It is base." And just as France amazed the world, so will we.

Indeed, the more one contemplates the spirit of the National Army, the more one is convinced that it is quite like the French. America dancing off to war—"The ragtime soldier man." Rubbish! The American armies, tangoing off to war in a thoughtless, care-free manner. Fiddlesticks! The National Army is serious. It is dignified. It has taken the war with a philosophy quite like the French. It may be expressed something like this: "We do not like war. We believe it intolerable. We hope peace comes. But what good is peace if it does not retain us our country? And what good is life if we have not our country? Everything we have, everything we love, spring from that. We will fight



The National Army is serious. It is dignified. It has taken the war with a philosophy quite like the French.

for it to the end. America must be preserved."

As the French soldier-writer, Paul Lintier, has so beautifully put it:

"One must have fought, have suffered, and have feared—even if only for a moment—to lose her, in order to understand what one's country really means. She is the whole joy of existence, the embodiment of all our pleasures, visible and invisible, and the focus of all our hopes. In defending her one defends one's self, seeing that she is the sole reason for being, for living. Every soldier feels this truth, either vaguely or distinctly or clearly, according to his own powers of perception and affection."

The man who thinks that way is the serious-thinking fighter. He is much more dangerous than the braggart, than the man who says he "loves war." The German Crown Prince said he loved war. When his offensive was turning Verdun into a slaughter-house he was carried to bed—so the story goes—dead drunk, feebly shouting: "On to Verdun! On to Paris!" And the men who stopped him, stopped his deluded fools of soldiers, rather, were serious-minded Frenchmen who hated war and who

simply said: "They have not passed. They shall not pass!"

Now that, too, is the mood of the National Army. It is a stoical determination to see the thing through. They have entered this war after reading of it for three years. They know its horrors. In this they are unlike the men of any nation whom circumstances rushed into war, as into an Unknown Adventure. Our men know this war; they followed it in the press since its outbreak. They are going in, dogged and grim; theirs is a *cold courage*—which is the most sublime. Give me that type of soldier to the one of loud mouth!

Come into a Company office in one of our National Army cantonments of an evening after "Retreat." A call had gone out for volunteers for early service in France. Perhaps you visualize the type that responded—boyish, eager, seeking an adventure. Not one! Instead, they were serious-minded men. As one of them said: "I feel I can be of more use in France now than here." (The call was for special technical work.) "*I want to go where I can be of the most use.*" That is the very essence of the spirit of service for America.

To be sure, there is the other type in the

National Army; the type which has a craving for new faces, new lands, the man who, had circumstances permitted, would by now have been from one end of the United States to the other and to Europe and back—the *voyageur*, the rolling stone. There was one such who applied to go to France. He was not taken; the list was full. Later, when troops were sent from this, a Northern camp, to one in the South, he applied again. Faced with it, he admitted: "I want to travel. I want to get over as soon as I can." His idea was the "to see the sights" idea. And his type makes a good soldier, too.

Self-conscious at first in their uniforms, the men of the National Army came to be proud of them. It took about a fortnight for the transition. Then came inquiries at the Regimental Exchange (General Store) for needles, thread, and stain eradicators. One began to see men going off on Saturday, on pass, sprucing up before they left barracks. One wondered at their thoughts as they passed among the civilians in near-by cities and towns. One saw them occasionally moving through the streets, heads erect, with swinging carriage, unconsciously walking the 120 steps to the

minute prescribed by drill regulations, now become habit. Some of them were more careful of their deportment in uniform than in the days of civilian clothing. A spirit of pride of uniform was developing in the National Army. was a quiet dignity to it that got under the skin.

What a change there will be a year hence! This National Army is a thinking army, and war will work its magic upon them. At the front only big emotions exist. There the big things are life, death, courage, sacrifice, cowardice, and selfishness. Magically on the firing line life is reduced to these fundamentals. What is real is placed here; what is false is placed there. The real measure of a man comes out. He goes to help a wounded comrade under fire or he skulks in a dugout and lets him die. The front sweeps away all artificialities. There, man sees realities. He gains a close-up of values.

Do you remember that little gem of a French story, "*C'est la Guerre, Madame?*" The story about the French soldier who loved Paris so much that he hated to leave it; who went to the front and learned there the true

values of life, visited Paris on leave and hated it? This experience in the National Army is going to make Americanism vital; our boys are doing a lot of thinking; they will be doing a lot more when they get back from this war. And that is what we need in our country—the thinker who acts—men who can think piercingly, who can act intelligently and fight with spirit.

The barracks of the cantonment are two-storied affairs. Most of the men live in the upper story. On Sundays visitors flock to the cantonments—girls. Three girls passed our barracks one day. A young “rookie” spotted them from the second-floor window and called some comrades. They opened the window and began whistling and shouting after the girls, a most crude flirtation. I was waiting to see how far they would go. It was but a few weeks after the camp had opened. One of the new soldiers—a little man, no older than they—scurried across the barrack room floor to the group at the window. “Cut it out, fellows,” he said. “You’re not hanging around a corner saloon. You’re in the army now. Don’t disgrace it.”

His words hit home and the group dis-

persed. The men looked sheepish and ashamed.

The officers are doing everything they can to foster this spirit; to make the men take a pride in themselves and in their work. Our motto is, "We are going to fit you to return to your homes better men than when you left." That is a big job, but it will surely be accomplished.

A letter, of which I give an extract, came to our attention. It was written home by a new recruit: "It is really remarkable the way one is so hastily accustomed to camp life. It seems just like a big picnic, and the discipline, instead of being a damper to the ardor, adds a zest to the whole affair. Another thing which adds to the pleasure of camp life is that kickers and hogs are not wanted. The men were given a talk by our Captain this afternoon, and he laid special emphasis on conduct. I can see how easily a man of loose habits will be transformed into a really desirable character. It is impossible for me to express the feeling that is within me, and I can sense just that feeling in every man here. Whatever it is, it means something—and all I can say is, God help the Kaiser—when the completely devel-

oped National Army is turned loose—over there.”

There is a most important word in the military lexicon. It is the word *morale*. Or call it *esprit de corps*, *élan*, or spirit. They all imply the same thing. It is the spiritual efficiency of an army. Now conceive of two armies, each composed of just as good physical specimens, each just as well trained soldiers. One has a poor *morale*, the other has a good *morale*. The one with the poor *morale* will be routed.

What is *morale*? A French General termed it, “The spiritual quality that would cause a body of troops to gladly follow their commander through hell if he ordered it.” *Morale* gets into the realm of the psychological. Let us examine some of its components. Let us make this examination from an ice-cold standpoint, leaving any consideration but military efficiency out of it. Looting is bad for the *morale*. It breaks down discipline. Camp followers are bad for the *morale*; they put soldiers in the hospital. Poor food is bad for the *morale*; it breeds discontent. As Napoleon said, “An army marches on its stomach.” As an old house-wife will tell you, the way to a

man's heart is through his stomach. Lack of confidence by the men in their commanders is bad for the *morale*. They feel their lives are being trifled with. They will not unhesitatingly follow. Tyrannical conduct by officers is bad for the *morale*. It gives them sooner or later the viewpoint of the slave. No slave ever fought as well as a free man. To think of dying for no great cause is bad for the *morale*. It leaves a man flat. To know that by his fighting a great cause is being saved, that is ideal for the *morale*.

The spirit of the National Army is expanding. It is growing because our faces are in the light. No officer lets an opportunity go by to let his men know the kind of an enemy they will fight. The men have to be told these things. They have to be awakened to the fact that barbarians are loose in the world. They are responding to words like those uttered by a wounded English officer who came to one of our cantonments as a bayonet instructor.

"Don't, men," he said, "make the same mistake we did. You'll do it, if you are not cautioned against it. You are Americans, and all your training in sports will lead you to it. We were prepared to fight the enemy in a sports-

manlike way. We did it, for a while, and then we couldn't do it any longer. He fights like a savage, and you've got to fight him in the same way. It's a terrible thing I'm telling you, but you have got to get what he's got—that's the blood lust. When you drive your bayonets into those dummies out there, think of them as representing the enemy. Think that he began the practice in this war of running bayonets through wounded, gasping on the ground, and defenceless prisoners. Think, men, that he made an attack on a Belgian position after gathering up the women and children of a Belgian village and marching them at the head of his troops—a dastardly screen!

“Another thing. We made an attack one day. As our first wave carried the enemy trench, they heard shouts from a dugout: ‘Kamerad!—Comrade!’ The Germans surrendered. The first wave rushed on, leaving it to the second wave to take the prisoners. As soon as the first wave had passed, the Germans emerged from their dugout with a hidden machine gun and broke it out on the backs of the men who had been white enough not to give them the cold steel. So now, men, when we hear ‘Comrade’ coming from the depths of a

dugout in a captured trench we call down: 'How many?' If the answer comes back, 'Six,' we decide that one hand grenade ought to be enough to take care of six and toss it in. They made us do that with their dirty, barbarous warfare. They will make you do the same thing. They will crucify some of your men like they crucified the Canadians. So abandon all ideas of fighting them in a sportsmanlike way. *You've got to hate them!*"

Now if you tell any normal man the truth about the German way of making war, he'll hate. Slowly we reveal to the men in the National Army the kind of foe they will be up against. As their hate for the enemy increases, it will give the crescendo pitch to the *morale*—which is for America's good.

One could go on and tell of scores of things. One could tell you of the Captain of one Battery who told his men what the Liberty Loan meant and who, in half an hour, got \$12,000 worth of subscriptions for it. Think what that meant from 193 men getting only \$30.00 a month as privates. It could be told that the same Captain subsequently went to New York to speak for the Liberty Loan at a hotel frequented only by the very wealthy. And that

the very wealthy subscribed nearly \$2,000 less than what his soldier boys had done. That is cited not as a slur at our wealthy people who have already taken up quantities of Liberty Loans; rather is it to set off by contrast the spirit of the National Army in going down deep into its pockets on \$7.50 a week, the way it did.

Would you know our army? Live with it awhile. See it turn out of bed every morning at half-past five and go through a day until five in the afternoon, pausing then for a brief two hours before plunging into a school at night. Drill in the daytime, military text books at night; grind, grind, grind, with never a whimper, with set serious faces—that is the National Army.

No conscripts—rather American men taken from all walks of life who know what this war is and who have gone into it with their hearts loyal and their faces grim. For that is the army that is soon going “over the top” at the Hun. That is the Army which is fired with the spirit of its fathers and its grandfathers—of all those who have fought for Liberty and came to free America for Liberty—that eternal craving of Man in Evolution.

CHAPTER V

“THE JOB OF SOLDIERING”

THESE words are for you who will as you are called to the colors, become soldiers of the National Army. They are for your loved ones and friends. They are also for every one who reads in the newspapers about the National Army, who cares about it, which is hastening to mean all those who are not reposing in internment camps. Should there be such, who may chance upon this, they will find in it scant comfort. For it will coldly tell of the lot of a soldier today in the National Army, free from the passion of the “muck-raker” and free from the distorted viewpoint of the “investigator.”

You are reading daily of the soldiers in our vast cantonments and of their lot. You are writing to them and they are writing to you. Occasionally you see photographs of them and their life in cantonment. But how much do you really know about them? Do you know

how they are fed? How they sleep? What they wear? How they are cared for when ill? How they manage to get along on their pay? How they are amused? Why sports are encouraged so much? Why food, clothes, quarters, medicine, amusement, and \$30 a month isn't such a bad job? Unless you have lived the life of the National Army, you cannot know and understand these things. You cannot grasp it by merely visiting camp. You have to be in it. The letters home, they never tell it; and the letters from home, they are always filled with questions. "Do you get enough to eat?" . . . "You must be very cold down there . . . I read in the papers that the boys at Camp Funston were going around in zero weather with nothing but thin coats on. . . . They didn't even have uniforms."

In any undertaking as vast as the National Army, there is always bound to be had more misinformation than truth. Untruths are spread broadcast, innocently enough, by those who repeat gossip and in a sinister way by those whose intent it is to discredit our Army. I refer to the group that has stolen the word Socialism to use as a screen behind which they mask their activities for the Kaiser—that

group today which is always prattling about "Free Speech." And I refer to the other type of Teutonic agent who will whisper to you that he has heard of this or that misfortune to our National Army.

To be sure all is not perfect in cantonment life. That would, on the face of it, be absurd with so swift and so vast a preparation for war. Of ordnance—guns, rifles, pistols—we are short, for the moment. That is public knowledge, aired in a Congressional investigation. But our men are not poorly clothed nor are they cold or hungry. It is about time the truth were known.

Anthony Wayne Putnam was called to the colors. Consider him as a composite of the entire draft. Think of him as reporting at any one of our National Army camps. They are alike. What happens to him in one, happens to him in another. The Putnams are clothed, fed, their health is looked after, likewise their amusements and their finances, by the same system.

Upon his arrival at camp, Anthony Wayne Putnam's steps lead from the railroad station to the regimental infirmary. He is there given a swift but searching look-over. He is in-

spected for contagious diseases and for vermin. Not that the American youth believes the theory of the Russian peasants that one is not healthy unless one provides shelter for at least one tiny louse; but the Army Doctors are taking no chances. If the new recruit should have picked up vermin on the troop train enroute to camp, it is detected and he is "de-loused" before being allowed to enter the barracks with his comrades. If he has a contagious disease, he is immediately sent to the camp hospital. For example, we had a case the other day of a man who developed chicken-pox enroute to camp.

At his regimental hospital, Putnam is given a vaccination against smallpox and an inoculation calculated to prevent him from contracting typhoid. Assume that he has passed this first test, the object of which obviously is to protect him and his comrades. He then reports to his Company Commander. Presently back to the hospital he goes, this time for a searching physical examination. Back at the local board where he enrolled for the draft, he was stamped "Approved" by a civilian doctor. That is not enough for the Army; and the Regimental Surgeon goes over him. He

goes over him with one thought in mind: Has this recruit any defect which we cannot correct which will render him liable to breakdown under military service? Feet, heart, lungs, teeth are tested. If the man's case seems at all doubtful, he is submitted by the Regimental Surgeon for rejection. Thereupon, he is sent to the cantonment hospital and a special examining board again goes over him thoroughly. If they agree with the finding of the Regimental Doctor, the man is recommended for rejection. He is rejected by the Division Surgeon, home he goes. So if you know of anybody in the National Army to-day, you know they are physically fitted for it. They have had the acid test.

Our recruit, Anthony Wayne Putnam, saw a man who came down on the train with him, going through the examination in the Regimental Infirmary. Every Regiment has its own Infirmary, its own staff of Doctors and Dentists whose job it is to look after the health of the men in that regiment. Recruit Putnam noticed that some men with flat feet were accepted. He thought this a little strange, for he had heard that the flat-foot men were useless on a march. Later he learned that such

men had to report twice a day to the Infirmary for treatment to correct their fallen arches. He learned too that an X-ray photograph was taken of every such pair of flat feet and that as the special exercises went on, the photograph absolutely proved that the defect was being corrected.

But no "flat feet school" for Recruit Putnam. He passed the examination with flying colors and was ordered back to his barracks. Looking over his new home, he found it was a large building, made of wood but that the inside of it was lined with a composition which resembled heavy cardboard and shut out the cold and wind. He discovered that the lower floor of the barracks was devoted to the kitchen, a storeroom for food containing a big refrigerator, a dining room large enough to accommodate 190 odd men at a sitting, without crowding, a big sleeping room, a storeroom for clothing, and the Captain's office. Going upstairs he saw that the entire second floor of the building was one huge sleeping room and noted with satisfaction that it contained two big stoves in which fires were already burning and that there were stoves in the sleeping room downstairs and in the mess

hall, too. "Yes, the quarters are warm," he thought.

Then he was given a strong iron cot, a straw mattress, and two blankets, woolen army blankets the same color as his uniform, and a heavy comforter. A mess kit was next added to his new possessions. Upon examining the kit he found it to contain a tin plate, a frying pan, a tin cup, knife, fork, and spoon. It was with a bit of misgiving that he glanced at the frying pan, the wild thought occurring to him that he would have to cook his own food. At meal times, however, he learned that he used the frying pan as an extra plate.

Mess over, his clothing was given him. He drew down a pair of khaki pants and a pair of woolen ones; a khaki coat and a woolen coat—two suits. A pair of canvas leggings, a hat, a poncho (raincoat), two suits of cotton underclothing, two suits of heavy fleece-lined underclothing, four pairs of socks, two flannel shirts, a blue denim suit to work around in, a belt, a heavy woolen overcoat and two pairs of shoes. The one pair was a russet that he could keep polished and always look smart in; the other was a field shoe of natural colored leather, hobnailed and as strong as iron. Like most of

his comrades, Recruit Putnam kicked against heavy field shoes and said they were uncomfortable, until he learned the trick of rubbing them well with oil—then he swore by them.

That's the wardrobe of your soldier boy in the National Army. It may not agree with some of the stories you have heard, with some of the indignant letters you may have seen written in the newspapers. I recall reading one such written by a well known woman fiction writer. Her very name inspired confidence. She stated that she had seen soldiers drilling on a cold day and wearing only thin civilian clothing—this at one of our middle-western cantonments. You can see the same thing at any of our cantonments if you happen to come on the right day. What I mean is this. The situation is that the makers of clothing and equipment for the National Army are turning out these things just as fast as is humanly possible. Who could foresee in 1916 that we would need clothing for over a million soldiers? So we must be careful and conserve every article of clothing until we have plenty of it—which will be soon. So, we are not issuing uniforms to men the day they reach camp. We are not giving army

clothes to them until they have passed the Army physical examination, until we know that they are going to be retained in the Army. Which is common sense. Also, it is impossible to give a soldier his clothing the very instant he has been physically accepted.

Let me show you what has to be done. His size has to be taken for every article. Army clothes are not sized like department store clothes, by ages, or chest measurements. Different measurements determine an Army size; for example, a man with 25 inseam, 35 inches around the hips, 34 inches around the waist, he takes a size 4. So you see your recruit Anthony Wayne Putnam has to have the tape measure run all over him and all the readings recorded. Then his sizes and the sizes of all his comrades have to be determined. These have to be composited, put on a requisition sheet and sent down to the Quartermasters. There they have to be counted out, loaded on trucks, sent down to your barracks, and issued. This is not a matter of a couple of hours, rather a couple of days. In the meantime, the recruit drills in his civilian clothes.

No officer wants to see a man not in uniform. It not only goes against the man's com-

fort but it is a depressing feeling; moreover, if you have a lot of men ununiformed around camp, you don't know whether they are soldiers or laborers. Officers do everything they can to get the soldier in uniform as quickly as possible. That accomplished, he must send home his civilian clothes at once. The ununiformed men the woman letter writer saw drilling may have been men during that brief period of waiting for their clothing after their sizes had been taken.

Is the soldier warm? You may judge from the clothing that has been issued. Also consider that he receives woolen gloves and inevitably a sleeveless sweater, which he is ordered to wear underneath his shirt. And should you see him drilling out in the open, don't be alarmed. He's exercising; you are not.

Some men need more bed clothing than others. The Red Cross is procuring a third blanket for every man. With a comforter that should suffice for anybody but a man with anemia. For his case, he has the advice of his Company Commander to place layers of newspapers between two blankets and pin the edges of the blankets together. Consider that to look after his men is an officer's duty. He

must see that the soldier's bed is comfortable, that he is well clothed, that his food is good, and well prepared, and that he has plenty of it. And more than anything he must satisfy himself that his soldiers are happy and contented. I believe that the most difficult thing for the average officer to acquire is not how to become a crack shot with a pistol, how to give commands and know whether or not they are being obeyed promptly; not how to appear like a Lieutenant of the Prussian Dragoons when saluting his superiors *but to know how to look after his men*, without babying them or losing his grip on discipline. If he knows his military science and has the gift of imparting it to his men and if he knows besides how to look after them he is indeed blessed of the gods, for when it comes to battle he is going to get far better results. He is going to get far more out of his men than the martinet who lacks the knowledge of human nature. The good officer has that keen personal interest in his men which will make him see to it that they are happy and contented and which will give him a nightmare until he knows that they are. From association, I can say that most of the Commanders of the National Army have

enough of a perspective upon life to know how to look out for their men.

What does the soldier get to eat? Before we sit down to the table with Recruit Anthony W. Putnam—his middle name has been dropped by now, only its initial is carried officially by the Army—understand the system of feeding. The word “ration” means three meals a day for a soldier. Every month, the amount of money allowed for the ration by the Quartermaster Department varies. It is 40 cents, running a fractional part of a cent above and below. That means a soldier must be fed on forty cents a day. Before any indignant wife scornfully says, “Impossible,” may I pause a moment. Each Company feeds itself. It has its own kitchen. It buys from the Quartermaster. It buys beef, a whole quarter at a time, for 15 cents a pound, any kind of a cut, costing the same—while you are paying 40 cents! It buys bacon at 45 cents a pound while you are paying 60 cents—potatoes at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents while you pay 5 cents—and so on. This is only possible because the Government buys in vast quantities and sells at cost or sometimes at a loss.

Now the ration is worked out on a monthly

basis. Say you have 200 men in your Company. You are allowed 40 cents a day to feed each man. That makes a daily allowance of \$80, a monthly one of \$2,400. That sum is placed to your credit with the Quartermaster. You buy against it.

Your recruit, Anthony W. Putnam is in a new organization. The Captain wants to secure a "Mess Fund." This is money saved upon the ration, any balance on your \$2,400 at the Quartermasters which is turned over to the Company at the end of the month. The Captain wants that saving because he is allowed by Army Regulations to spend it in any way he sees fit for the betterment of his soldier's food. He knows, for example, that he can't buy eggs, ice cream, chicken, lamb, pork, fresh fruit from the Quartermaster. But if he gets a savings on the first month's ration allowance, he has the money to buy these things "outside." The recruits do not know this. They invariably write home during their second month that the food is much better but don't know the why. Now, there is nothing the matter with army food. Officers from time to time eat from the barracks kitchen to check up that the food is good and ample.

Here is a day's menu to which Anthony W. Putnams are sitting down. Breakfast: Stewed prunes, oatmeal and milk, bacon, boiled potatoes, bread, coffee. Dinner: Vegetable soup, roast beef, boiled potatoes, peas, bread pudding, tea. Supper: Hash, dill pickles, fried potatoes, stewed apricots, coffee.

The men go through a month of food like that, good, well cooked, but not greatly varied. My men went through it. At the end of the month, the records showed that we had saved \$900 on the ration. The next month, the men got eggs, roast pork, roast lamb, ice cream, a greater allowance of sugar, occasional butter and this is what they said: "The chow is much better. The Captain has evidently been sitting upon the Mess Sergeant and making him come across." They did not know that the more varied food they got was only possible because the Mess Sergeant was skilful enough to keep them well if not fancily fed, to use all "waste" and thus make possible the \$900 saving. With that he was able to widen his bill of fare that month and automatically every month thereafter. That's the way the soldier's food is looked after. That's the way Officers try to give their men a good table.

Which brings us to an institution called The Regimental Exchange; that is, the Regimental Store, which sells ice cream, fancy crackers, cake, candy, tobacco, newspapers and knick-knacks for the comfort and amusement of the soldier. Also it keeps down the prices; also, it is co-operative. After the Regimental Exchange has paid for its stock—which it gets on credit—its profits are divided equally among every Company. The money goes into the “Company Fund.” The custodian of the Company Fund is the Captain. He is authorized to spend that money in ways for the comfort and happiness of the soldiers and to help facilitate the necessary clerical work. Out of that Company Fund, the soldiers buy themselves pianos, Victrolas, “smokes”—if they are going to give a blow-out to another Company—a pool table, anything at all that they want. Not forgetting that for the most part it is made up of money which they themselves have spent at the Regimental Exchange.

Commanders will do everything they can to increase this fund for their men. One recalls a Captain who wrote letters to motion picture theaters in the town from which his men came, suggesting that the theater put on and adver-

tise a benefit show for their home boys down in camp. A check of \$45 from one small town theater was the result. Newspapers in the home towns of the men were appealed to, to raise subscriptions. These came through. Women's clubs in the home towns were written requesting donations of tobacco or sweaters for the men. These came through. The Captain invariably found that if the people in the men's home town were appealed to directly and were told just what their donations were for that there was always a generous response. In ways like that are the National Army Commanders increasing the comfort of their men.

Take a man away from home hundreds of miles away, set him down in a camp where he is worked eight hours a day and he must have amusement. One cannot begin to record here what the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. H. A., and Knights of Columbus are doing for the men in all our cantonments. Y. M. C. A. shacks, each containing a little stage, a blazing open fireplace, Victrola or piano, books, magazines, games, free writing materials are scattered over every camp. Motion picture shows, Broadway vaudeville, boxing bouts are put on for the men. Only the other day in one camp

the ninety musicians of the New York Philharmonic, under the leadership of Stransky, gave a concert in camp for the absurd admission price of ten cents. That is a sample of the high-class talent furnished by the Y. M. C. A. for the amusement of the soldiers.

And there are always several moving picture shows a week. The "movies" are put on in every cantonment, the films or performance being sent on tour from camp to camp. But the Army does not stop there. Your wise Company Commander puts on more amusement for his men. Every so often, he stages a "Company Night" in the mess hall. Boxing bouts between men of the Company are put on. Sometimes a monologist is discovered in the ranks, quartettes sing; now and then the Regimental band comes in and helps to liven things up.

The singing—that is the thing! Every camp has a skilled song master who gathers the men in the great central Y. M. C. A. auditorium which is in every camp, and works up the singing spirit. The song master gets a thousand men to join in; and the men go back to their Regiments and start the singing there. Do you remember that old tune, "*The*

Old Gray Mare?” Well, here’s the words they’re singing to it now:

*“Our Uncle Sammy, he’s got the Infantry;
He’s got the Cavalry;
He’s got Artillery.*

*And now, by gosh, we’ll all go to Ger-
many,
God help Kaiser Bill!”*

And so it goes, over and over. They seem never to tire of it. Singing in barracks, singing on the march, it’s fine for the men.

In encouraging that, one looks ahead. One sees one of those gray winter days of France, a monotonous march to the front past endless villages that have come to look all alike, the novelty of their architecture worn off. One sees the monotonous passing, the other way, of empty transport wagons; hours after hours of marching, with depression falling upon the men, damper than any French drizzle, and then for them to be able to sing, to sing *together*, that is electrical in lifting spirits.

Do you know that in the Divisions of the National Army, sports have been encouraged—athletic events, football, basketball? And

in the Spring, baseball? Now, when sports do not interfere with the instructions of recruits, they are beneficial. The slogan is, "Amuse the soldier." Every Company in every National Army Camp was ordered to appoint an athletic officer. These officers work under a Divisional Athletic Officer in organizing competitions. Running races, jumping, and that sort of thing are held first in the Companies. Then Regimental teams are picked and these meet in competition for the championship of the Division. So with football and basketball. Last Autumn every camp had its championship football tourney, some of the games of which were attended by thousands of soldiers. So it will be with baseball.

Now that has a two-fold purpose. It is a medical theory that men who participate in sports are not as apt to have their minds upon sexual intercourse as men may have who do not participate. This page is not a clinic for the discussion of the soundness of that theory. It is brought up merely to show that the health of the men is ever a determining factor—as is their amusement.

Don't get the idea in your head that because your loved one is in the Army he's going to

get wet feet and get cold and that nobody is going to look after him. Let the facts tell the story. Every morning if the recruit feels out of sorts he is ordered to go on "Sick Report." This means that he presents himself outside the Captain's office at a quarter of seven and is taken to the Infirmary. In civil life if you have the least little pain or ache, is there a Doctor on hand to examine you at a quarter of seven every morning? If the recruit's condition is at all dangerous, he is sent down to the hospital. If not, and the Doctor does not judge him well enough to drill, he is marked "Quarters," in which case he is excused from duty all day. If he doesn't feel well the following morning, he reports again at the Infirmary. It takes a recruit some time to get used to Army Doctors.

In civil life, a Doctor writes a prescription. Somehow that inspires confidence. I know of Doctors who write elaborate prescriptions for colds, "Two dollars, please; come again tomorrow." This is not intended as a slap at our medical profession, but the doctor knows that his patient must be given some kind of a prescription or he won't feel he will get better—which is a psychological aspect of modern

medicine. Away with that in the Army! There, we have a theory that the three greatest medicines in their order are, water (for drinking and bathing), salts and iodine. The Army doctors strive to make the men drink plenty of water, to flush out their systems. For most complaints, they will start you off with a good physic—to eliminate the poison that is causing the complaint in your system. They paint any open scratch or wound with iodine—because it's the greatest preventative against blood poison known. Until the recruit understands the reason for it, he is apt to write home that no matter what's the matter with him, the Army Doctors give him a dose of salts and let it go at that. They do not know, for example, that colds can be cured in that way, by that and by cutting away on the intake of food.

When you think about the health of the men in the National Army and worry whether your boy isn't going to be sick and uncared for away from home, ponder upon these military truths. Every sick man takes one rifle away from the firing line. A sick army is only a hospital, and no hospital ever won a battle. The soldier is taught that it is as necessary for him to take care of his health as it is for him

to take care of his rifle. The Army wants the men to be in the very best health possible, and everything that science can do to keep the soldier in good health, is done. You recall the Spanish-American War—the scourge of typhoid? Do you know that for every man who died of wounds in that war, five and one-half died of disease? Do you think that we will tolerate a repetition of that? That if we could tolerate it, and were indifferent, survive against Germany? Do you know that every soldier in the National Army receives an inoculation which renders him immune from typhoid. If he has not the typhoid in his system at the time the inoculation is taken he cannot get it. There have been cases where men develop typhoid after taking the inoculation, but those, with some few exceptions, were cases of “walking typhoid.” The man already had the disease but did not know it. Do you know how the soldiers are made immune from typhoid?

Major Moss, in his *Private's Manual*, has compared the human body to an Army camp. Rioters (Typhoid Germs) enter and damage (action of a poison formed when typhoid germs enter the blood). The Guard turns out

(antitoxin, an antidote which the body makes to fight the poison). A fight follows (the symptoms of the disease). The Rioters (the typhoid germs) are overcome, and a period (convalescence) follows, in which the Camp (body) is restored to normal condition.

Get that parallel in your mind if you would understand the trick that the Army Doctors play to make the soldier immune from typhoid. Into a man's arm, they inject 50,000,000 dead typhoid germs in a little salt water under the skin. Immediately, the Guard (the body's antitoxin) turns out only to find the Rioters dead. Their bodies are carried off. (This is the period of dizziness, headache and slight fever which a recruit feels after the first injection.) The Guard (antitoxin) remains on duty patrolling (floating in the blood). Ten days later, the needle goes into the recruit's arm again—ten days later for the third and last time, when all the antitoxin possible is made. That remains patrolling in the blood for about three years, so that if in that time typhoid germs enter the system, they are swiftly overcome and sickness does not result. In just such ways as that is the health of the soldier conserved.

I have told you how he is housed, bedded, clothed, fed, how his body is looked after, and how he is amused. What about money? *He is the highest paid soldier in the world.* A French Private gets 5 cents a day. A German 3 cents. The English 25 cents. And the American \$1.00. If the soldier is single and has no debts to pay off, he can save money. He is far better off than the farm hand, who in civil life gets from \$30 to \$40 a month and his board; or the clerk on \$25 a week. Figure it out. The cost in civil life of quarters, food, clothing, doctor. A soldier gets that free. And he gets \$30 a month. Don't believe that every man in the National Army has to send money home. Also \$10 a month is enough for him to spend considering all the free amusement he gets in camp and the absurdly small cost for amusements—most of which are next to free. That gives him Twenty Dollars, which, if he is wise, he puts into Liberty Bonds and War Risk Insurance. He does that because that makes \$20 of his pay a monthly obligation. He has to save it. If the man has dependents and sends money home, the Government almost doubles it for him. If he wants to be insured for \$10,000 by

the Government, he gets it by paying between \$6 and \$7 a month, according to his age. If he should be what soldiers call "Out of Luck" and become permanently disabled by the war, this insurance gives him a living monthly income from the Government for the rest of his life. No soldiers were ever treated as generously by a Government as ours. If they have dependents, it's a pinch to get through, but in war everybody must take a share of the burden. If they haven't dependents, if they are not saddled with old debts, lots of them have better jobs than they ever had or ever could get.

The Government, the War Department, the Officers, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and kindred organizations, public-spirited citizens, generous women, are doing everything they can to make the soldier comfortable and happy. One might go as far as to say they are being coddled. Compared with the soldiers of some other nations, they are coddled and they deserve every bit of coddling we can give them. Have you seen the slogan in the newspapers? "Adopt a soldier?" Do it. If you can't afford to lavish money upon him, send him a little gift once in a while, prefer-

ably chocolate. He may not smoke, but he eats chocolate. That may seem trivial. Nothing these days is trivial. Nothing that can be done that will make the soldier feel that our people are thinking of him, that our people want to do everything they can to bring him comfort and joy and to drive away boredom—the nightmare that hangs above any overworked Army camp.

And when you hear doleful stories of freezing, half-starved men in our National Army Camps; when the mud is stirred up, know that we are not taking men unless we can house, clothe and feed them, that we would take more, could we clothe them; know that the supply of clothes and all is accelerating every month and Spring is finding us well caught up. What the War Department has accomplished in a country so poorly prepared for war, as we were, is amazing. Mistakes there have been. They were inevitable, with a nation making ready for war so swiftly and on such a colossal scale.

But when you think of our Army, think of a snowball. At the mountain top it starts to roll. At the start it is small. As it rolls on down it ever grows larger. But it is all snow

(all men). Further on it takes up into its substance, frozen twigs (arms); further on loose pebbles (ammunition). Greater and greater it becomes, picking up here and there as it goes, until at the end it is vast and irresistible—our National Army.

CHAPTER VI

“HARPOONING THE HUN”

A BIT of hill-land in flat South Jersey; the thinning smoke of a railroad train drifting above leafless winter trees; some scattered farmhouses, the country road leading off toward a distant village—that and no more, not a sign of life. Yet, a battalion of our infantry is on one of the hills. Were you in an aeroplane soaring above them you might detect the shimmer of steel, but only from on high could that be done. For the “doughboys” have dug themselves in. That hill is part of our trench system.

Behind them, down the far side of the slope, in the meadow beyond, three batteries of artillery are waiting. Were you standing in the next field you could not see that battery, it too, is “dug in” and camouflaged. Branches of trees, canvas daubed like dirt, make it inconspicuous in the landscape. See that clump

of bushes far over to the right, well to the front, about a quarter of a mile from the end of the trench. Just a few bushes, nothing more to the eye, but deadly. In there crouch men with powerful field glasses; men with instruments to determine the range and angles; there a "buzzer" drones. For from those bushes a field telegraph wire hums back to the batteries with "firing data." For there are the eyes and the brain of those twelve camouflaged guns hidden back in the field waiting a word to throw shell on the enemy's trenches. But where is the enemy?

Look from the hilltop where the trench is, across the little valley, follow up the slope on the other side. See those evergreens? Got it? There the enemy's trench begins. Take that on faith. If you haven't powerful glasses you can detect nothing unusual on that distant hillside, and all that you see—don't see, rather—is a bit of a modern battlefield. For it was all planned by one of the French officers, who had been sent from the front to help the National Army.

The expression has been used, "the emptiness of the battlefield." Empty it is—until something starts. Something is starting now.

Look! Bayonets bristle over the tops of the Jersey trenches. Men seem to leap out of the earth. There they go—the infantry! . . . But they're walking! That isn't a charge! . . . Gone are the days when soldiers frantically rush pell-mell with fixed bayonets; instead, they walk quite leisurely and in front of them walks a curtain of bursting shrapnel and shell from their own guns, advancing as they advance, not a second faster. It carries them right up to the enemy's trenches. They bayonet the Huns and occupy the trench.

Now the rookies in all National Army cantonments are taught to do just that sort of thing. It is not all as simple as it seems. They are fighting the Hun in effigy before facing him in the flesh. Would you see it done?

Off at the edge of the woods, just beside the barracks of the 3—th Infantry at Camp Dix, is a "bayonet course." You see a first-line trench, then imitation barbed wire, then scaffolds from which hang straw figures; beyond them, more barbed wire, more scaffolds, bags of straw lying on the ground, great holes dug in the ground, still more barbed wire, then a trench filled with straw figures. That is a "bayonet course." The straw figures are sup-

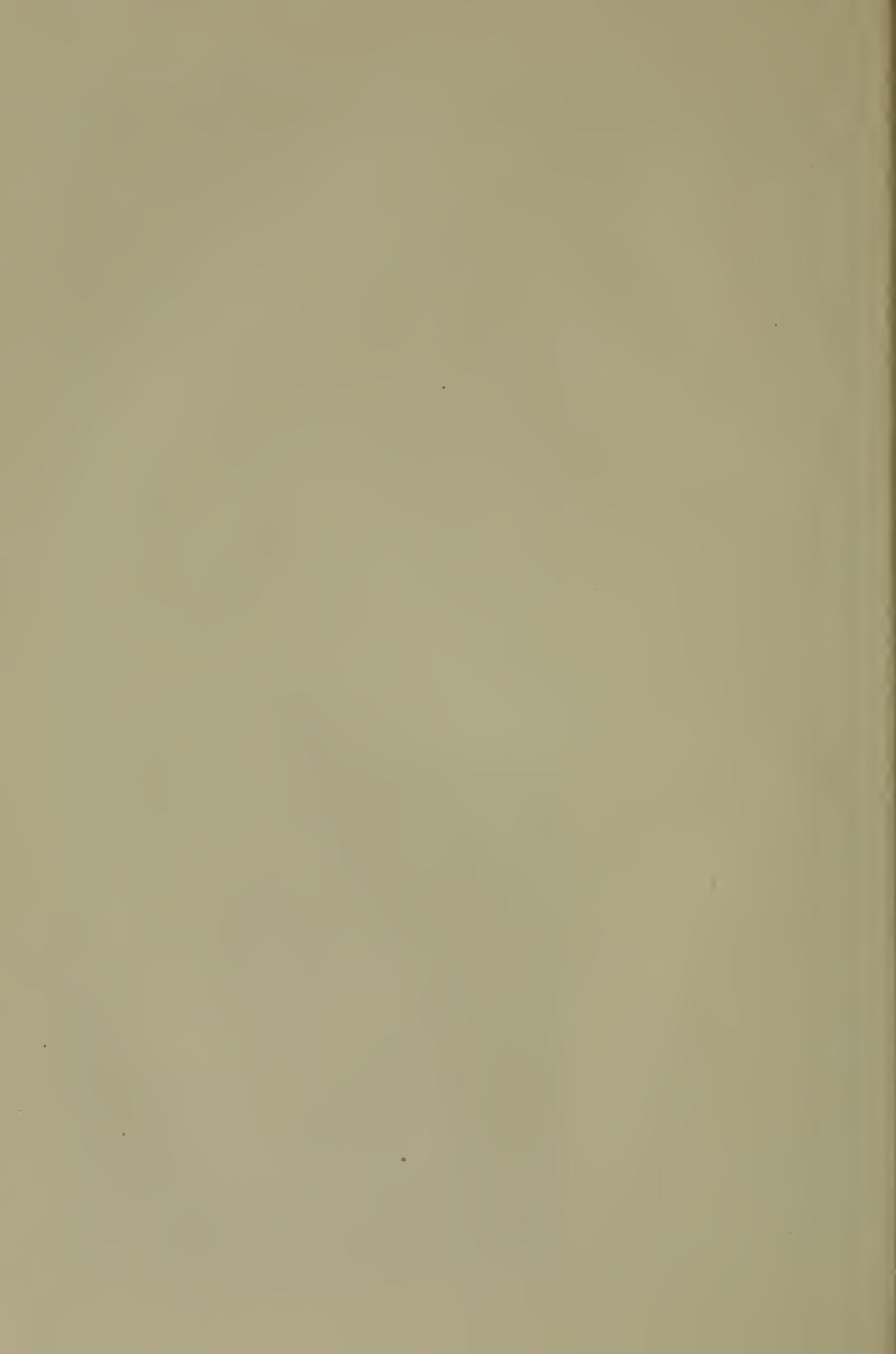
posed to be German soldiers; the holes, shell craters.

Of a fine morning in January, one could see on this bayonet course the members of Company I, of the 3—th Infantry. Their Captain was talking to them.

“Now, you men have been practising the bayonet drill. This morning you will go over the top for the first time. Remember, pick your way through the wire where passages have been made. In France, those passages will be made by your artillery blowing up the wire with shells and by your patrols cutting it at night. When you get up against one of those straw dummies out there, stick your bayonet into it, as if you meant it. If you see any dummies lying on the ground, give it to them, too. They’re to represent the shoulders of men in the trenches. The dummies hanging from the scaffolds are men out of the trenches. Now advance no faster than the Lieutenant, who will go with you. Your speed is the same that you will make in actual attack. You will not walk faster than a hundred yards a minute on this kind of ground. All right, down into the first line trenches there, and try it.”



One long thrust, a short jab, a leap, and they're at the next set of dummies.



In single file the men disappear in the earth. The Captain catches a glimmer of steel above the top of their trench. Instantly he runs over.

"First thing wrong. Some men lifted their rifles too high. I could see their bayonets. Now that only tips off the enemy that you're going to attack. The Hun does not like bayonet fighting. Remember, he will be watching your trench every minute. If he spots the flash of a bayonet, he'll telephone his artillery and his machine guns and they'll be sweeping No Man's Land with fire before you can get out of your trenches and go after them. All right, try it again. No bayonets showing this time."

From the trench the Lieutenant's whistle sounds. Up over the top the rookies scramble. Their instinct is to run. The Lieutenant has to keep shouting at them to hold them to a walk. "Slowly men," cautions the Captain. They're picking their way through the barbed wire, now. There they go into the dummies! Steel flashes. Cloth rips, sixty of them jabbing away at imitation Huns. One long thrust, a short jab, a leap over the "shell holes," and they're at the next set of dummies. Day

after day, they do it. The first day is generally quite tame and methodical. In a week things begin to liven up as they drive the steel home, you hear shouts from the men. Another week and they've painted faces of the Kaiser on their dummies, joyously spearing them. Another week and they're cursing madly as they give them the steel. That week they are bayonet fighters.

In the National Army the men are being taught that there can be no half-way business about the bayonet. It is an ugly weapon; its very appearance is disconcerting, a long knife on the end of a rifle. To us, the British Army has sent some of its best bayonet fighters to teach us that it is "no quarter given or asked." Come down and watch that same Company getting a talk from a British Sergeant. Around him in a crescent are rookies of the National Army. He is about to begin and they appear curious. That is their predominant sign of emotion. He says:

"Boys, I'll tell you first a story. It happened at Gallipoli. One of our Tommies, a cockney, from London, was about to go over the top in a bayonet charge. A New Zealand Company was alongside his. The Tommies

knew that the Turks didn't like bayonet fighting. Indeed, this time when we showed them the steel, they climbed out of their trenches and ran like rabbits. One Tommy had his eye on one particular Turk. He had spotted the beggar the day before. The Turk was always trying to take pot shots at Tommy.

"Well, you can imagine it. The Turks running down Gallipoli, the British after them, with fixed bayonets and yelling like hell. In a pursuit like that everything gets mixed. Tommy found himself alongside a New Zealander. They were both chasing the same Turk. The blighter showed his heels to Tommy. He was getting away, leaving Tommy behind at every stride. But Tommy doggedly kept on.

"I say, Mate," panted the New Zealander, "take a shot at him."

Tommy shook his head. The Turks seemed to run faster.

"He'll be getting away on yer," warned the New Zealander.

Tommy grunted something, and lovingly eyed his bayonet. Farther and farther the Turk drew away. It was more than the New Zealander could stand. Down on one knee he dropped, brought up his rifle and let go. It

was a hit; the Turk fell. In a rage Tommy turned on the New Zealander.

"Blimme, you're the hell of a blokie. That was *my* Turk. What did you shoot him for?"

"He was getting away."

"Stop chucking about him. He was *my* Turk. I wanted to harpon the ——"

The British Sergeant, when finished telling this story, paused a moment, and eyed the rookies of the National Army.

"The Tommy was right," he said. "*You* want to learn how to *harpoon* the Hun and *you* want to get to like it. That's going to be hard at first. It's a dirty weapon, the bayonet. But, remember this, if you don't stick it into him, he's going to stick it into you. Every time you throw it into him, grunt as if you'd just eaten a mutton chop and liked it. Every time you let him have your steel between his ribs, think of the American soldiers who were found in front of the trenches only the other week with their throats cut. Every time you soak it to him, remember what he did to the women of Northern France, and that he'd do it to the women of *your* country, if you let him win and come over here. Harpoon the Hun! *Harpoon him!*"

The faces of the rookies before, were curious. Now they showed something of the thing that the Sergeant was after. They did not look like the same men. The rookie there, the one who had sold talking machines on the instalment plan, one now saw a drawn expression to his mouth, that was entirely new. Jack Hopkins, who used to serve soda water, his eyes had narrowed and were gleaming a little strangely. Some of the others looked restless, uneasy. They had the first indications of the "trench face."

Watch them now as they go at it! See their bayonets slashing and cutting! There they go ripping into the bellies of the bags of straw!

"Watch out!" shouts the Sergeant. "Sometimes when you run your bayonet home it's hard to get it loose. Give the Dutchman a kick in the belly then, and he'll go tumbling off. Try it now, with one of the dummies."

A wicked thrust, a grunt, a kick. "Good!" howls the Sergeant. "Soak it to the blooming beggar!"

They keep at it for a few minutes, and then he blows his whistle for a halt. Their faces are perspiring. They are panting. They all look a little wild.

"That bunch will do," comments their Captain. "They'll love it soon."

Now in all our National Army Camps, little sections of the West Front are reproduced—as I described at the start of this chapter. The trenches are dug by the men in all kinds of weather—for wars have a way of being fought in bad as well as in good weather. Emplacements for the guns are dug. Motor transports are kept on the move. Stretcher bearers are taught how to pick up and carry away men. Patrols and observation parties go out, make maps, scan distant positions through long glasses. Everything that is necessary in a modern battle is rehearsed.

Now to understand the things the American Army will be doing in France, to follow the newspapers intelligently—and everyone is following them minutely with the American Army now in action—it is necessary to understand how a modern battle is fought. One must begin with the perfection of mechanical things, the machine gun, artillery, aeroplanes. The introduction of these weapons to war, changed war. The battles you see in the motion pictures, they are false. The battles you read about, they no longer happen. When

troops are subjected to the firing of machine guns and artillery in the open, their losses are enormous. That is due to the advance of science. So troops are not exposed in the open very often. They are "dug in." They live underground in trenches, relatively safe from machine guns and artillery, until an attack is made. Then every possible device is used to prevent heavy loss while the enemy is doing everything he can to inflict it. That is war on the West Front to-day.

Now a modern battle begins months before it is fought. There is a consultation at which the Commanding General of the Army, his Chief of Staff, the General in command of all the Infantry, the General in command of all the Artillery, General of aeroplanes, engineers, signal communications, transportation, medical corps, all are present. Something like this happens. The Commanding General says:

"It has been decided to attack the enemy's line from X to Y, penetrating it to the city of Z. Preparations for the attack will begin at once. I have approved the plan submitted by the Chief of Staff and Generals in Command of the different arms will consult with us."

The Infantry General tells the Chief of

Staff the exact condition of the Infantry—how many are in reserve, what their *morale* is, the condition of their equipment. The artillery commander gives similar facts concerning the guns. He says that to destroy the enemy's trenches and artillery before the infantry attack, he will need so many thousands of guns and tons of ammunition. The General in charge of transportation says that he can get all needed supplies up to the front by a certain date. The Medical General asks the Chief of Staff for an estimate of the probable losses, and makes his arrangements for handling the wounded. So it goes. Each of the highest officers attends to his own department.

Activity begins at once. Increased shipments of ammunition, rifles, guns, all kinds of supplies, are made from the bases, hundreds of miles behind the firing line. Special railroads are constructed to bring this material up to the front at the desired points. There the wide-gauge lines give way to tracks only a foot apart. Motor trucks and pack animals are used. Also, the roads down which these supplies must come to the front must be hidden from the enemy, so the Engineers camouflage them. They erect screens along the roads

for miles and miles, hiding them and concealing all movements upon them.

The artillery is active. Battery after battery is brought up from the rear and put into position. Denser and denser grows the line of guns, until there are as many as twenty-four hundred, all sizes, on this limited strip of front where the attack is to be made. The aeroplanes get busy with two kinds of flyers. The birdmen, whose job it is to observe and photograph the enemy lines and behind them, leave their nests. The fighting flyers whose job is to destroy every enemy aeroplane that seeks to fly above the American lines are ready. The enemy's General Staff must be blinded. They must not know the preparations that are going on behind the American front. As quickly as the Huns send up their aeroplanes to observe they must be destroyed. No matter how many of your own machines you destroy in doing it.

The infantry gets busy. At night, little groups of four and five men creep out over the tops of the trenches. Anything conspicuous about them is concealed, even their faces are blackened. They slide over the ground toward the German trenches. Their mission

is to report on the condition of the enemy's barbed wire, to locate, if they can, hidden machine guns, to pick out what prisoners they can, so as to know exactly what troops will oppose them in the battle to come.

Our artillery continues its activity, not firing yet, but watching the enemy, learning just what kind of guns he has in action, spotting their location and thus estimating how many guns we will have to put into action to overpower him. We can tell, once we see the distant flash of his gun, what it is. The German 77 M.M. (like our three-inch) for example, gives out short flames, and of a pale green, lurid color. Their 130 M.M. howitzer flashes red, mixed with yellow smoke. Or, if we don't see the flashes, we can tell the caliber from the size holes that their shells make in the ground. We know that their 150 M.M. shell will make a crater over nine feet in diameter, and about three feet deep. We know that their 130 M.M. shell passing through the air gives a more strident whistle than their 150 M.M. We know also, from picking up fragments of those shells, just what size guns they are firing. We can tell from these markings, F. K. (Feld Kanone), field gun; L. F. H. (licht feld Hau-

bitze), light field howitzer. We can tell very often the location of that gun, even if it is miles away, by the angle at which the shell hits the ground, and the sound of its approach timed with the discharge of the gun. I am mentioning but a few of the methods we have for getting a line on their artillery. What our Allies have learned in this war is ours.

So does infantry, artillery, each arm of the service, make its plans, gain information. Along toward the day when the battle is to start, when all the ammunition has been brought up, when all the guns are in position, when the bombardment is about to begin, we make a "trench raid." Now that is a very nice manœuvre.

Just imagine yourself looking at a map. The letters, A, B, C, D, all represent enemy positions. We are going to make a raid into C. The purpose of this raid is information. We want to bring back live Huns whom we will make *talk*. Also, we want to know certain things concerning them. So we plan to put the points, A, B and D, under such a violent artillery fire, that the Huns will not be able to send soldiers to the assistance of point C. We shut off C from the rest of the enemy

line, by dropping around it an impassable screen of bursting shell. Then our infantry rushes into C, gobbles up their prisoners, makes observations and hurries back to our own lines. When you read in the newspaper of the "trench raid" that is the reason for it—*information*.

To appreciate the infinite care and importance attached to these "trench raids," consider that in an attempted "trench raid" by the Germans, on April 14, 1916, *they used 5,250 rounds of artillery ammunition on a section of the front that was not five hundred yards*. They were after information. They got it. It was not particularly comforting information. I quote from the report of the German Captain Wagener, of the 110 Reserve Infantry Regiment, which made this raid. . . . He was ordered to sound out the *morale* of the British troops opposite him. The German Captain who made the raid was subsequently captured. His report was found on him and a part of it translated as follows:

"The regiment of Royal Irish Rifles created a most favorable impression, both as regards the physique of the men, and their mode of repelling an assault. But for the effect of gas

shell, it would not have been possible to clear the section of trench, held by one entire company."

In other words, the Huns learned that the men opposite them were not weak sisters and were not to be judged lightly. If, upon receiving a more favorable report from the commander of the trench raid; if the raid had shown that the troops opposite were in poor shape, then Hindenburg might have ordered a sudden and powerful offense at that point of the line in the hope of breaking it. So the trench raid brings in the last bit of information. It brings in the human equation, the *morale* of the enemy. This established, the bombardment of the artillery begins, and the infantry goes over the top at the Hun. How this is done is shown in the chapter on "The Glory of the Guns."

Yes, a modern battle is prepared and rehearsed for months. Before the English took Messines Ridge, they built an exact duplicate of it, miles behind their firing lines and captured it in practice a score of times with their artillery shooting dummy trenches and their infantry going after dummy soldiers. The British worked on that battle until they had

every detail of it fought out in advance. Then they went into it and won an enormous victory.

How Napoleon would have revelled in the facilities that a Commanding General has to-day! Aeroplanes, runners, carrier pigeons, wireless, telephone, telegraph, signal lights, mirrors, motorcycles, all those things are bringing to him by the minute the important bit of information about every event that is happening during the battle. He stands in front of a map, upon which the position of his troops and the enemy's troops are changed by the minute as the reports come in. And there, in a house, twenty miles behind the firing line, he directs perfectly, every forward and backward move in that inferno which his command has opened up "out there." In come the reports, out go his orders.

To hear the typewriters rattling, the phones ringing, telegraph clattering; to see men all about making quick calculations with numbers, to see the tide of incoming and outgoing correspondence, the orders, you might—were it not for the uniforms—think you were in the office of some great corporation instead of being in the Headquarters of a General whose army was firing off a quarter of a million tons

of ammunition and trying to tear land loose from the invader with the least possible sacrifice of life.

Picture that one man there, studying that map, staff officers running to him, "General Baird telephones that he cannot hold unless an Infantry Brigade is sent to reinforce him. . . . The Sixth Division wants an extra aeroplane squadron. . . . General Hooper says that he will soon be able to put the cavalry into action and wants your approval. . . . General Briggs says he must have two brigades more of Field Artillery.

Scores of messages like that are brought to the General's attention. On each one he must decide in a flash and make the right decision. He cannot take the proposition home overnight, like a business man does. Overnight, the enemy might do one hundred things. And he must make the right decision, or he will leave a hole in his line through which the enemy may pour and crush him. The Lieutenant who goes under fire, any worrying he may or may not do, is nothing compared to the staggering responsibility that is a General's far removed from the firing line during a battle. His orders control the movements of

a quarter of a million men. The lives of a quarter of a million men are in his hands. The strain he is under, the conflicting reports ever coming in that he must instantly decide the real value of, are enough to drive a man mad.

Yet, these battles to come are all really beginning in the training camps with the rookies harpooning straw Huns, with the artillery taking up dummy positions. They'll get nearer to it in France in the battle atmosphere. There our men will begin to think in terms of battle. And then of a day not far off, it will start. You will read in the papers of trench raids, and the like, and then, of a victory—the first victory for the National Army.

And it *will* be a victory, for the National Army will not go into action until it is ready. We are not going to feed untrained troops into the German maw, for if there is anything the Huns can do, it is to gobble up untrained armies. No, we are going to fight the Hun in effigy, in our training camps, and when we get ready, entirely ready for the job, we're going after him—and harpoon him for all time.

CHAPTER VII

“REMEMBER SAN JUAN”

How they sing! They came singing. They sang all through their first day in cantonment. They're singing to-day. Hark!

*“De bells ob hell go ting-ling-a-ling.
O Death where is thy sting-ling-a-ling?
O ting-ling-a-ling! O sting-ling-a-ling!
No bells ob hell will ring-ling-a-ling fo' me!”*

We know they're our boys coming, for none in camp can sing like them. Here they come swinging out of a Jersey turnpike into Camp Dix. Look at the beautiful rhythm of their column, the rise and fall of their slouch-hatted heads, as regular as the ocean's roll. Hear the tramp of their hob-nailed feet, the steady unbroken swing of their cadence. “One-two-three-four!” Notice how evenly those olive drab legs and arms move. If motion has

poetry, you see it now. For it's instinctive for our boys to drill. To hold a cadence is no effort. It was in them before they became soldiers. Rhythm is in their souls. They were born with it—for they belong to the Ninety-second Division.

Never heard of the Ninety-second? It's the Negro Division of the National Army. Infantry, Artillery, trains, entirely Negro. It's the Division that's going to write its name big before the Hun gets on his knees. And if I know the Hun—if my memory of the havoc France's Negro troops wrought against him in the autumn of 1915 in the Champagne, goes not astray—the Hun will come to hate the Ninety-second Division. Fine!

"Your grandfathers fought to give us our liberty," one of our Negro Lieutenants told me, "we are fighting to preserve yours." Ideals. They are there in the Ninety-second.

Come with me into our barracks—for my own regiment is in that Division—look over the sort of material we have. Notice that tall, splendidly set-up fellow there with chevrons on his sleeves. He's acting as our First Sergeant.

"Come on! Hurry up, yo' men. When ah



Never heard of the Ninety-second? It's the Negro Division of the National Army. that's going to write its name big before the Hun gets on his knees.

The Division

blows dat whistle, ah looks fo' yo' all t' be in line in jess tu seconds," and quite ostentatiously he glances at a watch he sports on his wrist. He's had military training before, the Sergeant, got it at Hampton Sidney, the Negro boys' school.

Come into the barracks office. See that trim young fellow there, who seems so neat. Glance over his shoulder. He's steeped in the "curse of the army," checking up Morning Reports, Duty Rosters, Ration Returns. He's mastered "Army Paper Work." Question him and you'll find he left the Liberal Arts course at Ohio State University for the National Army. When one records that in these days of war a Captain detests the hum-drum detail of voluminous "paper work," you can imagine what a relief to find a private to whom it can safely be entrusted. And we're finding such reliable, painstaking men right in the Negro Division.

If you would intimately know the Negro, you must be with him, hour after hour. The solicitous white-coated man who waits upon you in a dining car, he is not representative. Nor is the eager bellhop who answers your hotel ring, "Ice water, Boss?" Nor is the

shiftless driver of a team of mules. If you would understand the Negro, you must meet him in the composite. And it is in the National Army that you find the composite. You find the dining car waiters, the bellhops, the cooks, the gang laborers; but you find, too, the high school graduate, the Negro college man, the stenographer and typist, the young Negro who left a good job in a bank to answer the nation's call. You find an abundance of trained chauffeurs, a number of men skilled in trades, and—Allah be praised!—ample who understand horses and the care of them. An Artillery Captain is always on the alert for that. And as you study your men you get a new idea of the Negro race. You appreciate its fight and admire its pluck. You realize that many of these men have fought their way up through life; that decent jobs have been theirs; and there is something far more to them than “jazz bands,” razors and dice.

Their spirit is good. Do they want to fight? Watch them as they are gathered for a “conference” in the barracks mess hall. In an orderly manner they file in and take seats; discipline comes easily to them. Their Captain—a white officer—surrounded by his Negro

Lieutenants (and later, a word about those Negro Lieutenants), is explaining to them the reason they are fighting, giving them the *why* of it, just as all the white troops in the National Army are being told.

"Men," the Captain tells them, "our country will be proud of its Ninety-second Division before the war is over."

Their faces are quite solemn and set. There is a stir in the rear of the hall. A young private who used to drive a motor for the Mayor of Jacksonville jumps to his feet, snaps his heels together and salutes.

"Captain, may Private M—— say a few words to the men?" The captain gives his consent and, a little curious, awaits developments. "I want to impress on all you fellows," begins the private in the best of English, "that we've got a reputation to keep up. Some of you know about San Juan hill. Some of you don't. I'll tell you. My father was there. At San Juan, the white troops got in a bad hole. The Spaniards had the range and were making it hot . . . Isn't that right, Captain?" he appealed. The Captain agreed, and, encouraged, the enthusiastic little soldier went on: "Things would have broken bad for the white

troops if the colored boys hadn't come along. Negro infantry ran up on the double, breezed right through the Spaniards' fire, got after them and gave them hell . . . Pardon me, Captain," he ejaculated in alarm, "but Teddy Roosevelt, he said the colored boys fought fine at San Juan. So see, fellows, we've got a reputation to keep up. We'll do to the Germans what our fathers did to the Spaniards. Won't we?"

A loud, eager chorus, "You bet . . . We'll carve dem up! Say, boy, no crap game fight'll hold up to the devil we'll raise wif th' old Kaiser." A babel of excited exclamations—they are nothing if not spontaneous—fills the mess hall. The Captain holds up his hand for quiet.

"That's the idea, men," he tells them. "Remember San Juan!"

There's no lackadaisical air to this Ninety-second Division. It's on its toes. It is ever being brought to the attention of the men that this is the first time in American history that there has ever been a Division, a complete fighting unit of over twenty thousand men, composed entirely of Negro soldiers. They are getting a big pride in it. They feel it a tangi-

ble sign of trust in them. They feel they are indeed Americans, fighting shoulder to shoulder with white Americans for common cause—liberty. And in that there is something fine for our country.

Negro cavalry regiments, Negro infantry, they are not new. But Negro Artillery, that is new. And it is a high compliment to him. It is a military truth that a higher degree of intelligence is needed for the rank and file of Artillery than for the infantry. Especially today. Orders are given the men at the guns and they must set off to a nicety certain numbers on different complicated instruments, giving to the gun its direction and range—aiming it with mechanical means. Now to do that swiftly and accurately requires a quick and reliable mentality. It is the job of the artilleryman in the Ninety-second Division. France has no Negro Artillery; nor has England. And our boys know it. We have told them. We told them to give them pride in their work. They have that pride. Do you know what I heard one day? I was going upstairs into the squad room of the barracks when a private's elevated voice caught my ear.

“Ah tells yo’ all dat this am th’ first colored

artillery in all history. Boys, th' eyes ob th' whole colored race am upon us."

As quietly as possible I retraced my steps, to let them have it out. That is the encouraging thing, the pride they have in their new work and in their Ninety-second Division. Pride is the hand-maiden of *morale*. And *morale* is the soul of an army.

How eager they were for their uniforms! How they besieged us to exchange coats and pants until they got just the right fit! If one thought an overcoat wasn't showing off the graceful curves of his back quite properly, back he came for another. And always with some excuse, the real reason, his desire to look "doggy" and smarter than his comrades, artfully concealed.

"Captain," said a tall, lanky one, "this yere overcoat am mighty fine. It surely am a swell coat—but Captain three ob th' buttons am shore missin'."

And he looked heartbroken. The Supply Sergeant rummaged through the stack of coats to find him another. The "rookie" followed his every move, his eyes rolling.

"Captain, ef Ah may suggest it, Ah believes one of dem sho'ter coats dar," and he pointed

to a pile of abbreviated overcoats, "would do most becomin' well."

Now it happened that the early overcoat shortage made us use the shorter coat of the Engineering Corps to eke out the supply of the regular long-length army coat. This dusky "rookie" had his eye on one of the short coats and had made up his mind to get it. His size being unavailable in the regular lengths, he had to be given one. With glistening eyes he handed over his long coat with the three buttons missing and received the short coat—the dream of his heart. How he strutted around in that, the envy of the whole battery! And then Saturday inspection came. Looking over that "rookie's" shelf for dust, a Lieutenant found three overcoat buttons.

"What's this, Private Housam?" he asked. "Where did these buttons come from?"

Out of the corner of his eye the "rookie" saw the Captain bearing down. Remembering the yarn he had told about his old coat being three buttons short, he went panicky. Then showing his white teeth in a grin, he said: "Lieutenant, Ah tells yo' how dem buttons got dere, but Ah doan know."

"You've got just a minute to find out, Pri-

vate Housam," said the Captain, while he glared at the "rookie's" short coat.

Private Housam looked distressed. His eyes swam swiftly from one side to the other, like netted fish; then they shone happily.

"Captain, Ah sure knows now how dem buttons come dere—yas, suh," and he paused for inspiration. "Yas, suh. Some of th' boys sweepin' must hab found 'em on th' flo' and jes' natcherly laid 'em on mah shelf, knowin' how Ah lose buttons. Ah guess dat am a failin' o' mine, Captain."

"It's a failure this time, all right, Private Housam," agreed the Captain. "Now you take that short coat back, turn it in, and get back your long one. And as you cut those buttons off it, you can take your Saturday and Sunday holiday this week to sew them on. Understand?"

"Yas, suh. Yas, suh!" And so departed the glory of the short coat. So were dissipated all visions of "dogging" it over his comrades and getting the eye of the girls when "on pass" he went to town. Yes, they'll try to put one over, some of them "jest natcherly," if you give them the chance; but not in a sinister way; just some harmless sort of thing, like the coat.

There came to us a bellboy from a well-known Rochester hotel. His training in the uniform of the hotel, his promptness in answering the head clerk's call, fitted him into things at the start. All went well until the day before he was leaving on Christmas pass. It happened that the Captain had been lecturing them before about the uniform.

"No leather leggings or cloth spirals will be worn by any enlisted man," the Captain had ordered. "No hat but the campaign hat that has been issued you."

It never occurred to the Captain to warn them about uniforms. Hadn't they all been given their clothing? But he knew from observation, particularly on the streets of New York, that green privates on pass have a way of dolling up in officers' legwear and caps. Imagine his surprise, then, to have the Rochester bellboy, his model of deportment for the battery, come into the office with the following:

"Captain," he began hesitatingly, "Ah heard yo' say somethin' 'bout what we must wear."

"Yes, Private Coverhill. What is it?"

"Well, Captain," this with an effort, "Ah's done gone an' bo't mahself a suit."

"What kind of a suit?" asked the Captain suspiciously.

"Oh, jes' a nice li'l' suit fo' good," hastily replied Private Coverhill. "In th' main, Ah'd say th' effect was like th' one Ah haves on."

"Go and get it," said the Captain ominously. Private Coverhill looked distressed. "It am 'most like th' one Ah haves on," he offered.

"Go and get it," repeated the Captain, and to himself he said: "Ye gods! What's this kid blown in his money on?"

Presently there came a timid knock on the Captain's door, and Private Coverhill, carefully unwrapping endless sheets of tissue, disclosed a natty olive drab serge uniform. The Captain almost jumped out of his chair.

"Hold up the pants," he ordered.

Timidly the bellboy did as he was bidden. A pair of officer's pants with buttons instead of laces below the knee, met the Captain's gaze.

"Now the coat."

And, of course, it was the close-fitting, high-collared officer's coat.

"Now, Private Coverhill, where did you get this?"

"Ah reads a tailor's notice in th' papers and writes him."

"And?" asks the Captain.

"Th' tailor he sends me a paper t' fill out wif mah measurements. One ob th' boys in th' barracks measures me."

"And then you sent this tailor—how much?"

"He says Ah gotta give him twenty dollars, and Ah does. And Ah must give him ten dollars out ob mah pay for five months."

"Hm," muses the Captain. "Seventy dollars—for a twenty-five-dollar suit. What's that tailor's name?"

"Ah has his card, Captain," and Private Coverhill fished out a thumbed bit of pasteboard, reading: *Abe Finkel, Military Tailor, Trenton, N. J.*

"Now, Private Coverhill, you leave the suit with me and give me your receipt for the twenty. I'll get you your money back."

The bellhop's face fell. "Kain't Ah wears it, Captain?"

Laboriously it was explained to him that soldiers wore one kind, officers another kind of uniform; and that the tailor, knowing this, had swindled him.

"But it sho'ly do look nice on me," pleaded the bellboy, with regret.

“That’s all, Private Coverhill. Do as I say.”

White soldiers have to be watched lest they squander their money, but that problem with the colored boys is greater. Many of them are marks for the sharks that open “bargain shops” just outside the military jurisdiction of every cantonment. But a few days in camp they were, and one noticed them sporting the collar ornaments, monogrammed letters of the United States National Army and crossed cannons, although these things had yet to be issued. Childlike, they dove into their pockets to buy them, to get all the “show” possible on their uniforms. That is good. It is a sign of pride in their appearance. But against extravagance, the heedless spending of money which they haven’t got, a Captain of Negro troops has to watch. For there are always tradespeople ready to get them in over their heads.

But there are others among them as canny as any Scot.

There were men in my battery, a surprisingly large number, who voluntarily deducted almost \$7 a month from their pay for the purchase of \$10,000 government war insurance policies—the limit by law that any private or officer may take out. There were others who

allotted \$20 of their \$30 monthly pay to different savings banks. All were loyal to their families, allotting to them the one-half of their pay that the government compels, and more besides. I went over these allotment blanks of my battery, spending considerable time upon them, seeking an idea of the sense of responsibility different men had. I was relieved to find that only about one out of every five was obviously shiftless and thoughtless, allotting nothing for insurance or savings. A high average of thrift, that of 80 per cent. But as always in life, the commendable is commonplace while the condemnable upthrusts its head in the news.

But in the recording of those instances of the squandering of money on officers' uniforms and the like, one hopes that the impression has not been given that the Negro soldiers are all that way. I recall a man we have in mind for Stable Sergeant. His record cards showed him married and with three children. Somewhere an Exemption Board had blundered. He told me one night as we were trying him out on horses—he had tended horses for ten years in Texas before turning traitor and taking a chauffeur's job:

"All Ah want," he said, "is to know dat mah wife an' babies are comferable."

"How are they fixed?" the Captain asked.

"Capt'n, Ah figure dat mah wife can get along all right fo' a while. Ah saved mah money, an' she can use dat. And Ah figures dat if a man does what he's told in th' army an' does it good, dat he'll get along. Ah figures dat th' officers are dere because they knows what t' do o' they wouldn't be over us. Th' gov'ment ain't no fool. So if a man obeys his officers an' works hard, he'll get along. No," he added, with confidence, "Ah ain't worryin'. Ah gets along."

And as he works, he will.

As Mustering Officer for our regiment there came across my desk all the documents from all the Exemption Boards for all our men. I made it a point to notice those who had asked for exemption, and later to ask them why. One was surprised to find that a surprisingly small number of the Negroes called to the colors had sought exemption. Questioning developed that the life appealed to some of them—the end of worry over financial troubles. The \$30 a month, clothes, board and lodging looked good. More of them thought they

would like Army life: the drill, the uniform—particularly the uniform—and for the adventure of crossing the seas and seeing a new land they can scarcely wait. And then, just like in any white regiment, we had our minority quota of those who had thought about the war before coming to camp, who believed in the justice of our cause and that it was their duty as Americans to fight.

To be sure, they are not entirely like white troops. They must be officered differently. The discipline must be iron. Let down the bars a bit and they'll come cavorting through like a bevy of calves. One must give all soldiers a square deal. But one must let the Negro soldier know that he is getting a square deal. For he is often suspicious. We choose some of the best among them and put them into a Non-Commissioned Officers' school. A few days after the selection was made one noticed an uneasiness in the battery. Some of the men seemed to have lost their punch. They drilled listlessly. An investigation to learn what had so unexpectedly injured their *morale* disclosed that the Buffalo men in the battery believed they were being discriminated against in favor of the men from Syracuse. Had not

seven Syracuse "rookies" been put into the "Non-Com" School against only five from Buffalo? That situation was not put to sleep until the men from both cities were called into the mess hall and convinced that all we were looking for was "results."

Every battery is bound to turn up its bully. One comes to mind—Big Judson, by name. Judson was a husky porter, who seemed obsessed with the idea that the mantle of Jack Johnson had descended upon his shoulders. Put on "kitchen police" one day—cleaning pots for the cook and peeling his potatoes—Big Judson ran amuck. Slamming a pot on the floor, he started to walk out.

"Come back yere, nigger!" called the cook.

Big Judson looked incredulous. "Say, looka yere, niggah," he brawled, "where Ah comes from dey calls *mah* kind bad coons."

"Let me tell yo' sumptin', nigger," the cook bawled at him. "Where Ah comes from dey calls yo' kind Sweet Marie." And the fight was on. Also, Big Judson got it.

The first time we put them on sentry duty there was trouble. We pounded into them the fact that on post they were boss. We ordered one of them to guard a pile of coal that had

been dumped along a spur of railroad track fronting our regiment—a reserve pile for emergency needs. Sporting a big axe handle, Private Wallington tramped up and down glaring at any one who approached the coal. He had been told not to let a soldier or officer take coal from that pile without written permission, and nobody would—not if he knew it. Late in the afternoon there came a frantic message from a Captain of the regiment next door:

“For God’s sake, call off that sentry of yours! We sent two of our men over to get coal and he laid them both out with an axe handle.”

It developed that our sentry had seen soldiers going at a coal pile down the road. All coal piles looked alike to him, and going after the two poor privates of another regiment, brandishing his axe handle and bellowing fiercely, he had driven them off. The orders of the outraged Captain of the two privates he had scorned, informing him: “Ah takes orders from mah Capt’n, an’ *no one else*.”

One night when the Officer of the Day made his rounds inspecting the sentries on post between midnight and dawn, he found one

poor fellow on guard over an empty row of barracks with his teeth chattering. As the Officer of the Day had approached the post, he had waited in vain for "Halt! Who's there?" to ring out. Instead, he heard something like a groan, and, hurrying forward, he found the sentry with both hands flung over his head. "Oh—h-h," he wailed, "Jesus hab mercy on mah soul!"

"What's the matter with you, Private Perkins?" asked the Officer of the Day. The negro gulped. His eyes opened wide. He tried to speak, tried again. Cautiously he walked around the officer, peering at him.

"Oh, it's yo,' Lieutenant! God be praised!"

"What's the matter with you?" repeated the officer.

"Lieutenant," whispered Private Perkins, "dey's been some one a-knockin' at dat barracks door all night. The boys was sayin' how they hears a workman wuz killed in dere 'bout a month ago. And Ah jes' natcherly hears him a-knockin'."

"Rubbish, Private Perkins!" said the Lieutenant. "There are no ghosts."

"Don't say that, Lieutenant," warned the private, looking over his shoulders. "Yo' is

an officer, but dat makes no differential to a ghost."

But we have only a few like that. Out of the entire battery only ten per cent. were found to be illiterates, unable to read or write. Now they're attending, when off duty, a school organized by the Y. M. C. A. which has its shacks in the cantonments, for negro as well as for the white soldiers.

They like the army food and when the cry "Come and get it"—the army's way of announcing a meal is served—there is a mad stampede for the mess hall. At the door it magically becomes orderly, and one by one our colored boys file in, and, taking their place at table, stand at attention. Then, calling upon a different man each meal, the First Sergeant bawls out: "Private Jones will ask the Lawd's blessing on th' food we are about to receive." And Private Jones asks the blessing, whereupon they dive into the "chow" that former dining car cooks and two hotel cooks, all blown in by the draft, have prepared for them.

From Qualification Record Cards that the men fill out I discovered that one rookie had been Chief Cook in a Buffalo hotel. I was congratulating myself on having discovered a

potential Mess Sergeant, and sent for him. After outlining the nature of the work planned for him and the chance it gave him of winning a Sergeancy, I asked him what he thought of it.

“Please, Captain,” he begged, “don’t go puttin’ me in th’ kitchen. Ah wants t’ drill an’ be a soldier—not a cook. Ah wants t’ do mah drill good ’cause Ah thinks if Ah do, mebbe Ah gets a chance at th’ new officers’ training camp they’ll be openin’ fo’ colored boys pretty soon.”

He was ambitious, sincere, and, having enough cooks without him, we gave him his chance to drill. And every day he’s out there working like a fiend, his eyes fixed on that training camp for Negro Officers which may or may not come.

For just as white officers were made at the R. O. T. C. camps of 1917, so were there negro officers. Their camp was at Des Moines, and to us from there came all our lieutenants. Some artillery regiments of the Ninety-second Division have no white officers of lower rank than Captain. With extreme care, the material for the Des Moines camp must have been chosen, for there came to us a

fine, snappy quota of lieutenants. Non-Commissioned officers from the crack cavalry and infantry regiments of our Regular Army were detailed to the Des Moines Camp; likewise negro lawyers, school teachers, highly intelligent men from government departments. One of our lieutenants has completed his work for a Harvard M.A. degree, another never graduated from grammar school, but he did graduate from the cavalry school of the Regular Army, and when he says "Atten-*shun!*", attention it is, with no nonsense.

Watch these Lieutenants take the men out to drill. "One—two—three—four!" their hob-nailed field shoes beating out a rumble to the count. "Keep your eyes off the ground!" There they go now, with chins high, the sense of rhythm which by birth is theirs, keeping the whole column in an even swing, pretty to look upon. And now they're at the guns. "Can-oneers—*Posts!*" To their positions beside the dull steel three-inchers they dart. "Prepare for action!" With catlike grace they glide this way and that—a clink as the breach is opened, a clash as the top shield is lifted.

And one looks into the future, and sees the scarred face of France, the low ridges of the

trenches, the blackened skeletons of trees, the earth pockmarked with the holes of the shells, and one sees there, in a field of Alsace, swiftly moving about one of our eager field guns, our Negro Artillerymen. The air shakes and quivers with the passing of the shells, but they heed it not. Their minds are on the gun, and that alone. They were schooled in that in cantonment. "Battery two rounds—3200!" a Lieutenant shouts. Like fiends they work, speaking no word. A rattle as the shrapnel is turned in the fuse setter; the clash of the breech shutting—"Fire!" And 'way out there—four quick dabs of shrapnel smoke, like floating cotton. And then our Infantry going up under our barrage, our Infantry of the Ninety-second grinning in that terrible way that the Hun first came to fear in the Senegalese troops of France. "Give them hell, boys! Remember San Juan!"

Nor will they forget the goal that our Negro soldiers of '98 set them—our boys of the Ninety-Second Division.

CHAPTER VIII

“WHAT OUR SOLDIERS LIKE”

AFTER a man has worn the uniform for a time, his likes and dislikes are re-born. What pleased him when he was a civilian no longer always pleases him. What he disliked when he was at home he now often likes. His tastes have undergone as decided a change as has his body in response to the military training. Now if you would understand the man in uniform, you must get on the inside and understand in what way he has changed. If you would understand him, you must come to know the kind of letters he likes to receive, and the kind that give him a pain. There are songs he likes and songs he loathes. There are books he likes and books he tosses aside without even opening a cover. There are speeches he likes and speeches that make him writhe. There is food he likes and food he regards in scorn. There are things folks send him that fill him with joy

and things that leave him with a sort of empty feeling. There are officers he likes and officers he dislikes.

The arrival of the mail in a National Army Cantonment is a big event. The soldiers line up and as their names are called they step out to receive their letters and packages. It is always the occasion of good-natured bantering. Those who do not receive mail pretend that they are in a terrible rage. A soldier who draws down three or four letters is a subject for an hour's kidding. One day, not so long ago, a soldier who had come in from a hard morning's drill, heard his name called out for mail and was happy. Gleefully obtaining his letter, he sprawled off on his bunk to read it. As he read, he scowled; for the rest of the day he had a grouch. Always a good, conscientious worker, there was a change in that soldier during the afternoon's drill. His Captain noticed it and ordered him into the company office. Now it is part of the Captain's job to keep his eye on every man under him, and if a soldier seems discontented to learn instantly the reason for it. Questioning developed the fact that the soldier had gone to pieces because of the letter he had received from home.

"Captain," he said, "that's what was sent me to read," and he showed his superior the letter, which read:

"MY DEAR, DARLING BOY:

"Things are terrible. God must be punishing the world for its wickedness. Do you still smoke cigarettes, Bob? We are not allowed to buy very much sugar. Tommy has been out of school for a week with a bad cold. I am not feeling very well, and your father slipped the other morning on the pavement and turned his ankle—although he told me not to say anything about it to you. If the war keeps on, I suppose I won't be able to get sugar to put up preserves. I don't see what the army has to have you for when I see lots of other young men walking the streets and going about their work just as if there wasn't any war. The butcher was telling me the other morning that soon we won't be able to buy much pork, that they've got to send it all to Europe. The war is certainly a terrible thing. We were foolish to have gone into it. Only the other morning the delicatessen man was saying we'd never beat the Germans. I can't understand how you were ever so crazy as to want to become a soldier.

Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

That kind of letter the soldier calls a "belly

ache." It does no good. It causes the soldier much unnecessary worry, and more than often it makes him thoroughly out of patience. We are going through the period that France went through in the early part of the war. Then it was the civilian population in France that complained; not the soldiers. That gave rise to an expression in the French Army, "We will win if the civilians hold out." Now the soldier doesn't get any more sugar than you do, but he conserves it. Compare what you use and what he uses. For every gallon of coffee that is made in the army seven ounces of sugar are allowed. No sugar is put on the table; the coffee is sweetened before it comes to the table. So you see the effect a complaining letter has upon him. He knows that he is working like the very devil, and that his officers are too. He knows he is living in a day when sacrifices have to be made. So don't, when you write him, fill your letter with little complaints of that sort. Don't write anything that isn't cheerful. If there's bad news, keep it to yourself. He's got enough to bother with. He's got a song that he loves to sing. It runs: "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile! smile! *smile!*"

One hears soldiers singing that when they come in after three hours' marching cross-country, over fences and dog tired. Smile, smile, *smile!*—that's the thing. Smile in your letters, if you care to bring happiness to those of whom you think enough to write. Don't tell your soldier that he is a hero. He hates that. Don't indulge in "spread-eagle" patriotism in your letters if you would refrain from giving him a pain. He doesn't need to be taught patriotism. He's got it.

Rather the most popular kind of a letter supplies the thing he is crazy for—*news*. Give him little bits of news of the people he knows, their goings and comings. Nothing is too trivial to retell. Don't think that you're going to make him envious of your good times. They paint the picture of a day to which he looks forward—the day he goes home on furlough.

Now to the cantonments comes another kind of a letter. One such came to cantonment in a daintily perfumed envelope that fell into the clutches of an ex-teamster, now an artillery "swing driver." Unbelievably he read:

"MY SOLDIER BOY:

"After finishing this letter, I am going down and buy a newspaper, and the name of

the first soldier I see in print—well, that's you—I am going to address and post that letter to you. I have never met you. But you don't think I am doing anything wrong, do you? Of course I am not signing this with my real name. But if you want me to write to you often, just reply to the address given below. Do you want me to tell you how the country looks down here in Dixie? or do you want me to write you love letters, very warm and thrilling? What harm would it be? You would never see me. My mother would say that this, was indiscreet, but I love to be indiscreet. Don't you—oh, my soldier boy? . . .

The letter ran on that way for six pages. The soldier who got it said something like "Oh, hell!" and proceeded to read it aloud to some of his "bunkies." Upon it they took council: "Bet she's a blonde, Bill." . . . "Naw. Those light-haired babies are icebergs."

"Sure," Sammy agreed, "the bird who wrote that had lots of pep."

"Well, let's answer it."

"Sure, make it a daisy."

Need one record that it was "some answer" and that one silly, romantic girl was cured? She never wrote again to "her soldier boy."

Which brings us to the question of writing to soldiers whom you don't know and who for reasons best known to yourself you would fain cheer up. There is a considerable amount of such correspondence. But if you don't want to bore your soldier, don't fill it with a lot of sentimental nonsense. He tires of that just as quickly as he tires of hash. That kind of letter from a girl to a soldier she doesn't know, a heritage from France at war, is all right and the soldier appreciates it and studiously answers—if he thinks he isn't writing to a "nut." Then again soldiers steer clear of these wild love letters from girls whom they have never met. I know of a case of a soldier who received one and wrote the most endearing reply. A week later he got a letter from some former comrades who had been transferred to another camp. Their letter ended up with some warm quotation from his own letter to the supposed girl. For the girl letter he had received was a fake devised by his former comrades, nothing more than a cruel practical joke. To make it worse, they tipped off some of the fellows in his own company, with the result that the poor soldier got an awful kidding about the longing he had to "meet a girl

as sweet as you." He came to be called "Love and Kisses." Sting him just once and the soldier gets awfully careful. So, after all, the good crisp, newsy letter is the thing—if you don't know him well enough to write the other and quite desirable kind. Which, when they come from the right person, are as welcome as the double issue of blankets on a cold night.

We had a speaker come to camp. He was a very good speaker. Indeed, he was what one would call an orator. He understood how to bring a catch into his voice, how to let his eyes seem to grow moist, how to straighten up and thunder. He was a man very prominent in public life. Thousands of soldiers had packed into the auditorium to hear him. After talking for fifteen minutes without saying anything, he paused, and said: "Boys, I envy you. I wish I were with you." (I heard the soldier whisper: "If he wants to be in the army so bad, I guess they'd let him enlist.") "Boys, you're going over to France, and some of you are not coming back." Every soldier in the hall glared at him. Soldiers don't want to be told that they are going to "get it." That is a subject they never discuss; that's mutually taboo. They become fatalists sooner or later,

and their expression is, "in luck" and "out of luck." If you "get it," you're "out of luck." That's all the attention on the surface they pay to "it." So the speech which tells them that they are going to lay down their lives in a noble cause makes them thoroughly sick. Also, they detest the "spread-eagle" speech, for they are quick to detect the sincere from the insincere. When they hear a civilian ranting to them about the sacrifices they must make and all, etc., the first thought that comes to them is: "Why isn't that guy in uniform?"

Soldiers want facts. They think in facts, work in facts, their life is fact.

We had a high officer of the British Army speak to the men. He spoke for an hour and a half, and held their interest every minute. When he finished there was a thunder of applause. He talked to the men in their own language, told them things they wanted to know, answered a hundred of their unspoken questions. He didn't flatter them once. He scrupulously refrained from telling them what fine young men they were. He was the most popular man who had ever spoken to them. As an example of what interests a soldier:

"Men," he said, "your officers have told you

that you must always be neat and clean. Let me tell you *why* your officers insist on that. At the start of the war we English were going to be very clever, so we took the brass buttons off the soldiers' uniforms, the buttons they liked, and we covered them with a preparation that made them dark. That was our big idea. They couldn't any longer reflect the sun and betray our position to the Hun. That meant the soldiers didn't have to polish their buttons any more. Right!

"Before we realized it, that freedom from polishing spread to the soldiers' feet. They got careless about their shoes. Then after looking at their feet, if they saw a stain on their pants they said: 'Oh, we look dirty, anyhow; what's the use of bothering about our breeches?' And then they got careless about shaving, and then in the trenches one day Bill looked over at his comrade Jack. Jack's uniform was spotted. He had been several days without a shave, and Bill thought:

" 'I wonder if I look like that dirty, disreputable bum over there? I wonder if a beggar like that will ever get up nerve enough to go over the top when the order comes?'

"And as Bill looked at his comrade he shook

his head dubiously. Before we knew it, that feeling had reached our whole army. The men began to attack like bums. Bums, I said. Right!

“So we had all the blackened buttons taken off our soldiers’ uniforms and the brass ones put back on, and then we issued an order saying that every man was to have his buttons polished, his shoes shined, his clothes cleaned, and his face shaved every day. It made all the difference in the world. They began to fight like men instead of like bums.

“And I’ll tell you something else, men: You’ve heard a lot about the charming girls of France. Now when you go over there those French girls will have eyes on you. They’ll want to size you up. But Mademoiselle has seen loads of soldiers march by. She is a pretty good judge by now. I want to warn you, men, the girls of France are very charming, but they are very critical—oh, very critical. In three years they have seen lots of soldiers—lots of soldiers.”

That made a big laugh. Soldiers like to laugh.

Now the officers that a soldier likes are strangely enough those officers who know their

business and who hold him right up to the mark. They like the officer who every once in a while shows them that he is human. Now, when a soldier is at "Attention" in ranks, he may not utter a sound or move. When the command "Rest!" is given, he may smoke, sing, do anything he wants. One day, at a very formal ceremony, the Corporals were reporting their squads to the Captain. The Corporal of the first squad reported: "Sir, one private absent." The Corporal of the second squad: "Sir, all present." The Corporal in the third squad was a new man who was being tried out—an Irishman with a brogue that you could cut with a knife. He made his report this way:

"Captain, I have had the devil's own time locatin' me men. Now Flaherty, he do be in the kitchen peelin' potatoes. Hogan, he be over to the hospital. But I'm thinkin' there's a bit of blarney, to Hogan's bein' sick. Jones is out diggin' a trench like any dago—bad cess to him! And the other three laddy bucks, the divvul knows where they are."

The Captain was almost convulsed with laughter, but kept his face straight. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the men were

having an awful time of it, clenching their teeth to keep from bursting out laughing. Instantly he shouted at them the command "Rest!" and the whole battery broke into one shout at the Irishman.

That was only a little thing, but it helped that officer to win his men. If he had held them there at "Attention!" he would have lost a beautiful and logical chance for him to show them that he was human, ready to join in a laugh with them.

It is a strange thing, but the man in the ranks will very generally like his Captain much better than his Lieutenants. That is because some Lieutenants look so very young—the "shave tails." The men sometimes get an idea that their Sergeants are just as good, if not better, than some of their Lieutenants. They are invariably wrong in this opinion, but they somehow seem to reach it just the same, whereas such a thing never enters their head about a Captain. The higher rank gives them a great trust in him. They seem to think that the Captain has their welfare more at heart. They see him going in the kitchen and tasting the food they eat. They know he is ready at all times to listen to any grievance they may

feel. They've got lots of confidence in him. They don't like the officer who will not give them a "square deal." Of course in a great army there are bound to be such. Not many in ours.

They don't like the officer who everlastingly divides life into two parts, black and white. They don't like the officer who will not make allowances for circumstances.

I know of a Captain who was confronted with a "black and white" situation, an unavoidable occurrence preventing a deserving soldier from getting his name on the pass list for ten o'clock, who went to see the Colonel of the regiment to get special permission for that man to go away. The soldiers gossiped, the incident was repeated around the company; and the men got an idea that their Captain would look after them. They became loyal to him. A highly desirable thing—a *most valuable asset when they go under fire for the first time.*

The soldier likes the officer who gives him a square deal. He likes the officer who looks after his food, or "chow," as he calls it. He likes the officer who makes sure that his men have enough blankets, who will not overwork

them unless there is necessity for it, who lets his men come to him for information and advice. They do not like the officer who plays favorites, who is careless at drill, who shows up looking a bit sloppy, who goes around the whole time with an expressionless face, who is never known to smile. They like the officer who talks to them in the language that they all understand. They detest the officer who is sarcastic at their expense, or who makes a fool out of a man. That is one unforgivable thing to make a fool out of a man before his comrades—no matter how dumb he may be. The average soldier would rather get a smash in the face than to be made fun of in the presence of his "bunkies."

The soldiers don't like an officer who seems to shirk his work. They don't like an officer who gives commands in a low tone. It confuses them. They have difficulty in understanding what he wants. They don't like an officer who has a casual air, who gives his commands in a leisurely way. They like an officer with snap and dash, who gives his commands in a tone loud enough for them all to hear. When they are being instructed, they don't like to be kept standing, if it's a lecture. They

become inattentive. They don't like to listen to long-winded explanations. They like the officer who lets them learn as much as possible by using their eyes instead of their ears, who will demonstrate to them a piece of mechanism on a field gun; for example, who will show them how it is operated and then instantly sit them down and make them operate it. They like to get their hands on mechanism, like the breech block, or quadrant of a field gun. *They like to get the feel of the thing.* They hate having to be told all about it and to be expected to remember what they have been told. They much prefer a short, concise explanation and then having the thing turned over to them at once.

They like the officer who deals in the practical not in the theoretical. With the one they are attentive, with the other inattentive. Furthermore, they want to be told things in a language they can all understand. Now quite a scientific thing is the principle of "enfilade" fire. I heard a Lieutenant, who understood enfilade fire thoroughly, talk to the men about it for half an hour. He had been extremely scientific, painstakingly accurate in his explanation, yet it was filled with weighty words,

it was heavy. A Captain questioned the men at the end of that period about enfilade fire, and they hadn't gotten it. The Captain then told them a story. He said: "There was an old Irishman who noticed twelve partridges coming every day to his farm. He had a rifle and only one cartridge. He was at his wits' end how to get the twelve partridges with only one cartridge. He thought it out. One day he took out his gun and hid it behind the haystack. Then he got a bag of corn and he put the corn on the ground in a straight line leading to the haystack. He loaded his rifle with the one cartridge, hid behind the haystack and waited.

Pretty soon the partridges came, found the corn, and all lined up in a single line eating it. He had placed the corn so that they would be strung right out in a straight line. You've got that now? They are all in one straight line eating this corn, and the Irishman hiding behind the haystack, and he's got one bullet.

"So he sticks his head around the corner and aims at the end bird. The other birds are right in line with the bird he aims at. He fires, cracks the first bird, the bullet goes

through him, hits the next, and so on. Well, he didn't get all twelve, but he got ten. Men, that is enfilade fire. Do you get it?"

Everybody got it.

"Now," the Captain went on, "when you want to get a body of the enemy under enfilade fire, you do just that. You get your gun in a position where you can shoot at them from the side, and you do it because you can cover just so many more of them than if you were shooting from the front. Now think of the twelve partridges, when I tell you this. When your shrapnel shell bursts, it throws two hundred and fifty bullets down on the ground. Those bullets take the form of a shower which is two hundred yards long, twenty yards wide. Now, if you're firing at your enemy's infantry, and he is coming up in one line, you're only covering twenty yards of that line if you shoot on him directly from the front. But get your guns on the side of him and you're covering two hundred yards of his line—like the Irishman and the partridges. Got it?"

They all had it. Now soldiers like that kind of instruction. They do not like the memorized words of a military textbook thrown at

them. They like the thing demonstrated with an anecdote, if necessary, so that even the most stupid among them can understand it.

We've got to know the kind of songs they like. We raised money to buy a talking machine for them and records. We ordered twenty records to start with. One day when we looked at the table where the machine was kept in their bunk room we found three records were in a pile covered with dust. Obviously they had not been used. They were a violin solo by a great violinist, "Annie Laurie" and "Send Me Away with a Smile." Immensely popular were "Good-bye, Broadway; Hello, France," "Over There," all of Sousa's marches, and all kinds of ragtime. But they did not like the classical music, weepy things, and sentimental songs. One forgets there is another record, but it was broken. We always suspected them of that. It was a monologue by some vaudeville comedian.

They like books—books about the war—you wouldn't think that? They devour them. Empey's "Over the Top" is an enormous favorite. They like good stirring tales of adventure; a few went in for the sexy magazine story, all of which kinds of magazines we have

since weeded out and refused admittance to the barracks—for obvious reasons. They like writers of the Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis type. The soldier libraries report a big demand for those authors.

Now army food gets the soldier in the habit for good wholesome food. He loses his taste for the frills of eating. He wants good food, well cooked, and lots of it. He gets that. From military authorities a request has been put out to the population in general not to send food to the soldiers. It is not needed in the camps. Invariably there come hard-boiled eggs which go off, due to the long time they had been in transit by the parcels post and due to the changeable heat conditions they encounter. Likewise, cake goes stale and is more or less unpalatable by the time it reaches the soldier. What the soldier likes is plenty of sweets. They never begin to get enough candy. Now only a small percentage of the men in the National Army were in the habit in civilian life of consistently drinking. They do not get their nip now. Doctors will tell you that when a man gives up drinking he craves sweets. So, in the National Army you find some few former booze-hoisters getting

their hands on all the candy within reach, and you've got the other men wanting candy to put an edge on the day-in, day-out solid substantiality of their food.

So if you want to send a soldier something, send him candy, or send him sweet crackers in boxes. Don't send him loose cake, which only gets stale, or crushed or becomes very crumbly around his bunk. Don't send him fruit, which only decays easily in transit and gets him a call-down at "Saturday inspection" if he is caught with it around quarters. Fruit that has been exposed and which is just about ready to go off invariably breeds flies. For an officer to see flies in the barracks is like waving a red flag in front of a Mexican bull. Sweets that will keep, and tobacco—that soldier loves them.

He hasn't any need for fine handkerchiefs, or silk socks, or colored linen shirts. The Government gives him socks, but one can never have too many pairs. Send him woollen helmets, wristlets, scarfs. He gets sleeveless sweaters through the Red Cross and through various organizations from his home town. He likes to receive practical things—tooth powder, shaving soap, safety razor blades. He

is required to keep well shaven, and officers insist that the men brush their teeth frequently for reasons of health. All these things have to come out of his own pocket.

The little khaki writing kits and toilet kits are most useful. A man with a fountain pen is always lucky. It's hard to keep an ink bottle around your bunk. Sooner or later it's bound to be knocked over, and a good bathrobe is going to be smeared. Woollen pajamas are highly desirable. The little trench mirrors, unbreakable, are quite popular with the men. A pair of sheepskin-lined slippers, that he can wear going out to the showers and around quarters at night. Not forgetting his home town newspaper. He always likes that. Unless he happens to be from a big city, right near a camp, he cannot get it unless you send it to him.

Our men in the cantonment are ready to go to France. The overwhelming majority of them are eager to start. They don't mind the hard work. They've adjusted their moods to it, and are playing the game. The one big thing that everybody fights so hard to overcome is that touch of homesickness. The little letter full of news from home, not complaints;

the little box once in a while, not costly, just a few crackers or smokes—they are big things. The man who receives a box from home is at once an object of envy on the part of all his “bunkies.” To see the way they nurse those gifts would give you a thousand pleasures if you had sent one: Try it.

CHAPTER IX

“THE WEST POINT OF OUR CIVILIAN ARMY”

THE lives of the men in the vast National Army called to the colors are in the hands of a new type of officer. Likewise their health, morals, spiritual forces and fighting efficiency. Obviously an enormous responsibility, both to the men whom they command and to our country who commands them. Hurling, as we are, regiment upon regiment into the battle front of our Allies, the responsibility of each of these officers who has come out of the Reserve Officers' Training Camps becomes stupendous. Upon their fitness for war the decision rests. Are the conquering dreams of Germany's insane "military party" to become realized, or is the world to be made safe for democracy? With France bled horribly, with the man power of Great Britain heavily drafted, with Russia out of the war, it is the bare truth that our cause depends upon the new National Army.

What of the men who will officer it? For an army cannot rise above its officers. Are these new officers fitted for their tasks?

Earlier in the war I was a correspondent in the field with the armies of the enemy. I endeavored to make the best of this opportunity to learn where Germany was weak. It was impressed upon me, the "efficiency" and "iron discipline" of the Kaiser's legions, and in considering our new officer corps, I bear that in mind. One is measuring the men who in August of 1917 were commissioned in the Reserve Officers' Training Camps, with the efficiency of the enemy, of the ruthless Teutonic war machine. And the comparison does not discourage—the contrary.

Let us first gather some conception of the enormity of the proposition, this raising and training an army vast enough to overturn the scales in Europe, crushing the Kaiser and his legions. Brigadier General Upton in his ruthlessly true book, "The Military Policy of the United States," says that to send troops into battle led by inefficient officers is little short of murder. In Europe, I have seen such officers lead their men into *cul de sacs* and slaughter pens, and I know General Upton's

words to be truth. I have seen them dramatized in blood in Russia and in France.

Now when we awoke and warred with Germany, we were short of officers for our Regular Army, let alone having enough for the volunteers who brought it up to war strength. And where were the officers coming from to train and subsequently lead into battle the huge new National Army, the levy of which would begin on September 1, 1917, from a drafting list of ten million Americans between the ages of twenty-one and thirty? Just how many officers our Regular Army was short and how many retired officers were available to fill the gaps I am not at liberty to state; but a shortage there was. By rushing graduation classes, West Point could give but a comparative handful, and its men were badly needed in the Regular Army. Where, then, to get ten thousand "line" officers for half a million drafted men?

It was solved by the establishment of a West Point for our civilian army. It was the "Plattsburg idea." In 1915 patriotic civilian and far-sighted military men, realizing our appalling shortage of officers, should war ever come, obtained permission from the War De-

partment to use Plattsburg Barracks as a summer training camp site. Attendance was voluntary. A "camp" lasted one month. There were June, July and August camps. A man paid his railroad fares, his board, and bought his uniform. The government furnished use of quarters, rifles, ammunition and instructors. This voluntary camp was again opened in 1916. It was given a new stimulus by Congress creating the Officers' Reserve Corps, in which one could be commissioned by passing a prescribed examination. Many men in 1916 who attended the Plattsburg camp took the O. R. C. examination. April of 1917 brought war. We needed a huge army, but *first* officers for that army. So the "Plattsburg Idea" was enlarged into the "West Point of Our Civilian Army."

This found us, a month after war was declared, with Reserve Officers' Training Camps located throughout our country. The camps were at Plattsburg Barracks, Madison Barracks, Fort Niagara, Fort Myer, Fort Oglethorpe, Fort McPherson, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Fort Sheridan, Fort Logan H. Roots, Fort Snelling, Fort Riley, Leon Springs and the Presidio of San Francisco.

And when in mid-August they closed, other camps opened, graduated their classes, reopened, and so on—as our army grew and grew. Collectively, that is the “West Point” for the new army.

The work at these camps was early standardized. In a letter from Adjutant General McCain to the Department Commanders of the United States, he said: “The course of instruction will be based on the course now provided for provisional Second Lieutenants (civilian candidates for Regular Army Commissions) at Fort Leavenworth, and the courses prescribed for newly appointed British and Canadian officers. The first month in camp will be devoted to basic Infantry instruction and instruction in those duties of officers that are common to all arms. At the end of the month those in attendance will be classified on the basis of past experience, aptitude, etc., and prorated among the arms (Infantry, Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Engineers). The course for the last two months will be formulated accordingly.”

Thus the prospective officer at Plattsburg, on the shore of Lake Champlain, New York, received the same instruction as the young Cal-

ifornian out in San Francisco's Presidio, or the Georgian at Fort Oglethorpe. Likewise, the type of men in these camps was standardized. Before being accepted as officer candidates, they had to pass rigid physical examinations and were looked over as to mentality, bearing, and general adaptability. Thus in writing of what went on in the Madison Barracks Camp on Lake Ontario, one writes of what transpired at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, or in any of the other twelve camps where men for the Officers' Reserve Corps were being made.

War brings two classes of men first to the front. One is the group that pauses, weighs the situation, realizes that all they have in life is due to the government under which they live, and forthwith offer their services to it in its hour of need. The other is the group—likewise with its patriotic foundations—which looks upon war somewhat in the light of a lark, likes to wear a uniform, loves a fight, seeks adventure. The members of this latter group are the very young or the very rich, bored with a sterile life of country clubs and dances. From both groups good officers and inspiring leaders are drawn. A few others come for-

ward, equally patriotic, who have always been seriously interested in the army as a profession but never have been able to embrace it. Others believe conscription will eventually come, and preferring to go as officers, step forward; while a scant few come sordidly, being out of jobs and the "keep" for three months and pay appealing to them.

Before going to Madison Barracks, I had this preconceived idea of what induced nearly two hundred thousand Americans to apply for admission into these training camps, to which, by the way, but forty thousand were admitted, *and of whom but one in four won line commissions*. I found upon talking with the men in my own and in other companies that this idea was correct. As one man who knew absolutely nothing of military things put it to me, "I realized we were in a serious business. I felt I ought to do my part—so I came up here." There was another man in the forties, well over the drafting age. I knew he was married. I had met his wife. "When the Spanish-American War came," he told me, "I volunteered. When this war came, I, of course, offered my services for what they were worth," and he added with a bit of admirable



At their disposal were all the lessons of the European War.

pride: "My family has always done its bit."

So did the officer candidates come to the camps. These camps were in charge of picked men of our small but amazingly efficient Regular Army. To these camps were detailed picked officers as instructors. They were men who were specialists in their branches of the service; they were men who had instructed at West Point, whose names mean something in military circles; shrewd judges, too, of men—good psychologists.

At their disposal were all the lessons of the European War—data gathered from all the battle fronts by that body which never sleeps, the War College of our General Staff. What the French and English had learned by bitter experience their commissions gave gladly to our military men in Washington. What the Germans and Austrians had likewise learned to their cost also was in the archives of our War College. Our military men detailed to the Central Powers before we entered the war had been on the job. So we have the unique situation of our country having a war forced upon it, but at its disposal all the up-to-the-minute truths of war learned by frightful loss of life on Europe's battlefields. And this

knowledge has been imparted to the men who are now officering the National Army.

That insignia, U. S. R., on the collars of men in khaki stands for something. It means United States Reserve and that the wearer is an officer commissioned by the President. But it means something more than that. It means that he is an efficient officer. It means that he has a commission because he has proved himself worthy of it. If there is an idea still lingering that to get a commission all a man had to do was to enroll in one of these camps in May and then use a little political pull, let it go by the boards. One knows better.

I took the course at one of those training camps. I saw week after week, month after month, men dropped for inefficiency. I saw our own battery start with one hundred and seventy-four men, and at the end only fifty-four of them had won U. S. R. artillery commissions. I know of a man who boasted of political pull who was dropped for failing and who tried "pull" to get reinstated, and that the "pull" got him—*nothing*. One recalls that on the bulletin boards of all the camps were posted copies of a telegram from Washington. It gave notice that any one attempting to use

“pull” would come to grief; and those who did try found the promise kept. So let us clear away an idea—if it exists—that these new officers of the National Army hold commissions for any reason save that of efficiency.

As to that efficiency; first, physically. The fat man, the underweight man, they are not desired. Under the terrific stress of war they become charges. They burden the hospital department. Often unable to be on hand when needed, they necessitate a shifting around of officers, causing a shortage at the front. They breed lack of discipline. So, not content with the first physical examination that all candidates had to pass before being enrolled in the training camps, the army medical authorities, midway through the course, ordered another test. Every candidate was examined a second time. Defects brought out by a month and a half of gruelling physical and mental work were revealed, and no matter how good the man's record, out he went if he could not pass the physical test.

I have in mind an American, honorably discharged as a Captain from the Canadian army, a veteran of West Front campaigning. The medical test showed him not up to the mark,

and he was at once dropped. A week later he visited camp in his Canadian uniform. He had been recommissioned in Toronto, but Uncle Sam did not want him. Not that personally and as far as his ability went he was not desirable in every way, but physically he was off. I record that to show how strict our War Department has made the qualifications for these new officers. I could tell of other men, fine specimens save for some one defect, men who pleaded with the medical officers to pass them. But the rule was immutable.

Consider now the character test to which these new officers were put: Most of them were accustomed to easy lives. They were men out of business life, their only exercise the golf club of the week-end; also there were the younger men from the easy life of college, with habits of luxury, many of them. For three months they were compelled to rise at 5:40 in the morning, work steadily, physically and mentally, with but a brief hour out at meal time, until 9:30 at night. They were allowed Saturday afternoons and Sundays to themselves—if they were foolish enough to take it. For to accomplish the work a man had to spend *all* his off time studying. Do

you feel you could stick to that routine day after day for three months without "going stale," without coming to detest it? Those who could stick are the men who are officers of the National Army to-day.

Also, when the camps opened, orders were posted prohibiting drinking and gambling. I know of commissions that were lost because men did not place the desire to obey those orders above the desire to please themselves. Little things, so called, weeded out others. A man offered an office clerk five dollars if he would learn whether the Captain had recommended him for a commission. He was discharged from camp. A man went on one of those week-end trips with a girl, and he drew a discharge. Not because of the trip, one imagines, but because he was heard to *boast about it*. Another man's conversation developed German sympathy; the gate opened for him. All that shows pretty careful combing, and all the men in the camps were combed before they received their commissions.

I shall never forget one night in the barracks just before taps. In our company was a group of college boys, always singing, quite often rough-housing, brimming with young

animal spirits. I had wondered if they comprehended the seriousness of it all, what it meant, their being here training as officers. I began to tell them of the front, of the No Man's Land I had seen between the trenches; the fragments of things that used to be men dangling from the barbed wires, tossed there by the bursts of shells; of the thousands of men I had seen living like moles in the ground, in dugouts of muddy trenches; of the dead I had seen on a snowy Russian plain, their arms frozen in stiff gestures, like jumping-jacks. The college boys became serious. Then one of them gave a quick, nervous laugh and exclaimed: "You know what they say: 'See Paris, and die!' " The others joined in the laugh. Then some one cried: "On to Paris! On to Berlin!" . . . Yes, they were the stuff. And behind them, as in a shadow, one saw thousands of the same kind of young Frenchmen and young Englishmen, leaping over the tops of trenches and leading their men to the charge. Yes, he's quite valuable and quite wonderful in war, this young Lieutenant type. Into it he puts the same spirit that enables him to inspire his varsity eleven to hold on the three-yard line—like the young Canadians

held at Ypres, like the French held at Verdun and the Marne!

Now at the training camp it was a survival of the fittest. The end of the first month saw men dropped from every camp; the number totalled several thousand. By then any man who had come for sordid reasons—the board and money—was weeded out. Likewise, any who came, detesting military life but liable to service, wishing to go as officers; likewise those who were quite young and did not take it seriously enough. Ukeleles and military textbooks do not blend, and those who preferred wailing about the beach at Wee-Hai-Wee, when there were problems in the science of “combat patrols” to be worked out, why, they of course were given transportation back home.

Day by day every man in that first month was checked up. It was noted if his shoes were shined at reveille and retreat; if he presented a “neat, soldiery appearance.” It was noted how he executed commands in ranks at drill, how he gave commands if called out to take charge of the company; if he talked in ranks, if he could stand long at attention without moving his head; if he yielded readily to

discipline; how he answered at recitations. And, above all, if he had the *idea* of what he was talking about, not merely the memorized thoughts of a book page.

In brief, his "adaptability" was day by day checked up. And those who did not take the course seriously, and who had no conception of the money that it was costing the government to give them this schooling, and who never thought that they were in duty bound to put forward their best efforts, they were the unfit. One does not mean to imply that all those who failed to qualify for commissions were dismissed because they trifled with a serious proposition. Rather, they were men whose intent was right but who were hopeless physically or whose minds—and they were not stupid—could not be made *to think in a military way*.

One was surprised at first to discover that the men at camp were being handled quite easily. Then one concluded that it was not the purpose of these camps to turn out troops capable of drilling like machines. The men were having things more or less put up to them. In other words, they were being given rope with which to hang themselves. The supreme attitude presumed that they were in-

telligent and mature and knew enough to act properly. If they failed to—well, they failed.

As to their fitness to command—for a man could be perfect in studies and still not be fit to command. Discipline and the habits of life of a civilian—are they compatible? Most of the men who went to the camps were not used to military discipline. They got it. They acquiesced to it. They were willing to be taught how to obey. By being subjected to hard discipline themselves they were made fit to administer it. Picture a man in the thirties, who has made his way in the business world, being told by a Lieutenant ten years his junior that he must sew his hat cord and not leave it free to slip around. Imagine the older man, accustomed in a business office to ordering subordinates around, obeying the Lieutenant without hesitation. That happened a score of times. If the man could not obey he was not fit to command. In the field he would be apt to “know more” than his superiors.

Then the ability to think quickly, to issue orders, to exact swift obedience, to forget self-consciousness and to instruct men in a way that would hold their attention—those points were sought for in the camps, and in the men

who were commissioned they were found. Day after day a different man would be called from the ranks. The instructor would order him to act as Captain. Then and there that man had to make good on the "ability to command." He had to keep thinking quickly to give the orders necessary to evolve the company into the formations that the instructor would demand. He had to issue his orders snappily, clearly and loudly. For it is a psychological truth that just as your delivery is in issuing orders, so are the men going to execute them. The issuing of orders in a leisurely tone means that they are going to be executed in a leisurely manner. And the National Army is being made into one of snap and dash.

The man who got out in front of the company and gave orders weakly, because the men were his bunk mates, failed. I recall one man called out to lead the company. Around quarters he was a most pleasant, witty, and agreeable companion. Because he was such, some of the men in the company thought they could take things easy when he was called out to act as Captain.

"When we're in the barracks," he bawled at them, as soon as a disposition to loaf was

obvious, "you're Jack and I'm Bill. To-day I'm Captain and you fellows are here to obey my orders, and if you don't obey them as smartly as I think you ought to, I'll keep you drilling out here till your tongues hang out."

Need one add that, everything else being up to the mark, he got his commission?

The quality of holding the attention of men while instructing them was a quality much sought after. The United States Reserve Officers are now instructing the National Army. From time to time in the training camp, men were called upon to conduct classes, and the way they did it, was carefully noted down by the instructor. It takes a good psychologist to hold the attention of men for an hour on a purely technical subject. But it can be done, by enlivenment, and those men who showed they could do it were rated high. Consider what an asset it is to be able to interest the men of the new National Army—the hundreds of thousands of men entirely ignorant of military things—in the essentials of military science with which they have suddenly been brought face to face!

I know this of the artillery: If you interest the men in the horses, in the guns and what

the guns are capable of, if you get them to like their horses and their equipment and to take care of them and perfect themselves in their use, you cannot help but have an *interested* battery. And if you know human nature as well as your branch of the military science you cannot but help attaining military efficiency.

Yes, the Reserve Officers know their new profession. When they were commissioned they had learned enough of it to realize what an awful lot there is to learn. That is a good sign. For the man who knows little of military science invariably believes that he knows it all. A good measure of the Reserve Officers are in the Field Artillery. Modern tactics have made it necessary that the Artillery Officer have quite a good idea of the way Infantry and Cavalry fight, as well as his own arm. You see, the Artillery to-day works in close co-operation with those other arms. The guns must help their Infantry and Cavalry on the attack and defense. Also, the good Artillery Officer must have an idea of how the enemy, the Germans, use their troops on defense and attack. So we in the Artillery have studied those things.

Let me show you how shrewdly the brains

of the United States military establishment worked that out. The camp course was three months. During the first month we in the artillery never saw a field gun. We were infantry. Then we dropped it and became artillerymen. But we did not forget the "dough-boys." Every so often, while immersed in the guns, we would receive a lecture on infantry and cavalry, by particularly proficient officers in those branches.

We were given books prepared for the training camps. The contents of these books were not assigned as lessons, but it was up to us to digest their contents in our spare hours. Those of us who did, made ourselves just that more efficient. And what wonder books those were! One saw in them diagrams of how the German infantry attacked at Verdun. One thought of that formation in terms of artillery and figured out how best to decimate it with the fire of our guns. One learned how the English and French attacked. One had at one's disposal the translation of a most remarkable series of articles written for a German military publication by a German artillery major. They were lines brimming with valuable lessons gained at bitter cost to him in the

field. And one gloated over the fact that there at least was once when the Kaiser's censorship had slipped in letting such valuable stuff get into print, where it could be seen by our alert and able military attachés in Europe and sent back to us.

We were lectured on explosives and their use in the war to-day by an English inspector of ammunition in America. The point is that we did not waste any time with fluff. We did not study military history—which one does not mean to imply is fluff, but which is quite useless to us in our present work. What we needed and what we got was: How are they doing it in Europe? How can we better their methods? How, *how*, HOW?

Practical instruction was the keynote, with just enough of the theory carried along to give us an understanding of *why* we were doing things that way. The theoretical textbooks of the American Army kept pace with the reports from Europe's firing line, and our officers have been on the alert to make improvements upon Europe. We discarded the method of bayonet fighting long in use in the United States Army. We adopted the English system which they evolved during the war.

But in one of our training camps an Infantry Captain discovered a serious defect in the English bayonet system, so now we have improved on theirs—using what was good in it, rejecting what was bad. That has been the spirit. Utilize every bit of “dope” that comes over from Europe, but improve upon it if that can be done.

But it did not stop there, this fitting of civilians to become officers. The War Department was not content with getting men of a certain rigid physical standard, of firm character, possessing executive ability, having the knack of instructing in an interesting way and knowing their branch of military science. There was something else, something of tremendous importance. It is true that war degrades or ennobles a man. Whether the man in the ranks is lifted up or let slide down, that depends to a large extent upon his officers. It is not the purpose of the United States to call out hundreds of thousands of its young manhood into war, and then, when peace comes, to have a horde of diseased and degenerate beings loosened upon the land. To prevent that we have been lectured and lectured upon camp sanitation, the transmission of disease,

personal hygiene. But it did not stop there.

To the different training camps was sent a physician who had investigated conditions on the Mexican border for the War Department. He discussed with us the question of venereal diseases, how they affected the fighting efficiency of an army. How one great Power had suffered enormously during this war because of a lack of proper precautions against the insidious germs transmitted by illicit relations. What the effect of that was upon the man, and later, when he married, upon the race. We were told how to keep the practice down.

The lives of men are in your hands; one grave mistake on your part, one blundering order at a crucial moment, and your men are wiped out! To realize that is to feel a deep responsibility. Our new Reserve Officers feel it. They are not taking things lightly. They know that the foundations, gained in the Reserve Officers' Training Camps, were sound—the best that America, France, and England could give them.

CHAPTER X

"THE GLORY OF THE GUNS"

SPLENDIDLY immersed in his subject, our instructor, a dapper little Field Artillery Captain, repeated as he dabbed at the blackboard: "The initial deflection difference should be determined by increasing the parallax of the aiming point algebraically by ten."

And three batteries speeded up their thoughts in a try to keep pace with his wisdom. We four hundred-odd men, seeking to fit ourselves for artillery commissions in the Officers' Reserve Corps, hung upon the Captain's words—in his day among the great in football at West Point. Outside of the long wooden shack where we sat a June sun slid short shadows across the edges of the Madison Barracks Parade. A peaceful spot, this, on the northern shores of New York State, yet . . .

There were memories. I saw again the red

lands of Europe. Particularly I saw the brief ridges and the wide fields of Northern France, that hellish place of earth where day and night the guns growl. The skyline spotted with the fleecy white puffs of bursting shrapnel, the ground spewed up amid the ugly brown smoke of the shells. And the drumming of the guns, hour after hour, day after day. . . . "Should be announced," our Captain was saying, "in the multiple of five." And to me they had a sharpened significance those diagrams that the Captain so hastily dabbed upon the blackboard, likewise those words of "deflection difference" and "multiple" that may seem so cabalistic to you.

It all meant that in other Officers Reserve Corps training camps scattered throughout our country, other batches of men similar to ours were hearing them also, these same words—"deflection." It meant that the United States was hard at manufacturing efficient Artillery Officers. It meant that—not to-morrow, or the day after, but inevitably—God help the Germans! . . . Not God as we understand Him but the Kaiser's playmate, the mead-soaked Odin of Valhalla, pet deity of the warriors of ancient barbaric Germany.

A Napoleonic cynicism is that the Almighty is on the side with the heaviest artillery. Based upon this assumption there seemed to be early in the war something in the Hun slogan "*Gott mit uns.*" For it was their preponderance of heavy guns that let the Kaiser's legions get to the edge of Paris. Likewise it was the superiority of the French "Soixante Quinze that stopped the Germans at the Marne, depriving his Imperial Highness, Frederick Wilhelm, of the carouse he had wet his lips over. Likewise it was the superiority of the British guns that enabled Tommy to drive back the Hun at Messines and the Somme. Likewise it will be the superiority of our American gunfire that will make the Hun forget all about a "place in the sun" and more about seeking a refuge in his own musty shadows on the other side of the Rhine. And that will be to the glory of the guns.

For the guns are glorious. I first sensed their thrill from an observation post, like a "crow's nest" in a great pine tree overlooking the frozen swamps of the Bobr in Poland. I saw what they did at Antwerp, at Nowo Georgiewsk, at Ivangorod, at Warsaw, in East Prussia, in the Augustowo Forest, at Servian,

Nish, at Ypres and La Basse. The guns speak and fortresses fall. Whom the gods would destroy, they first let hear the guns. Yes, they drive men mad. Their voice terrifies. Their work is fascinating. They play hide and seek with the enemy's artillery, striving to smash it; they smash his trenches, his infantry, his cavalry, his trains, his motors—the motor even of his Kaiser. They are lords of the field, the guns.

Now in armies—it makes no difference what their nationality may be—you will always find infantry, cavalry and artillery officers who think that *their* branch is the only branch of fundamental importance. Each of these officers advances arguments to prove the preponderant importance of his arm, and each argument can be shot to pieces. As a matter of fact, the infantry would be powerless without the artillery in warfare to-day and the artillery would be in hot water without infantry to protect it, and quite futile without infantry to inflict the incisive thrusts that the gunfire makes possible. As for cavalry, those who say that its usefulness is at an end speak from a narrow vision. I saw what the German cavalry accomplished in the Baltic provinces of

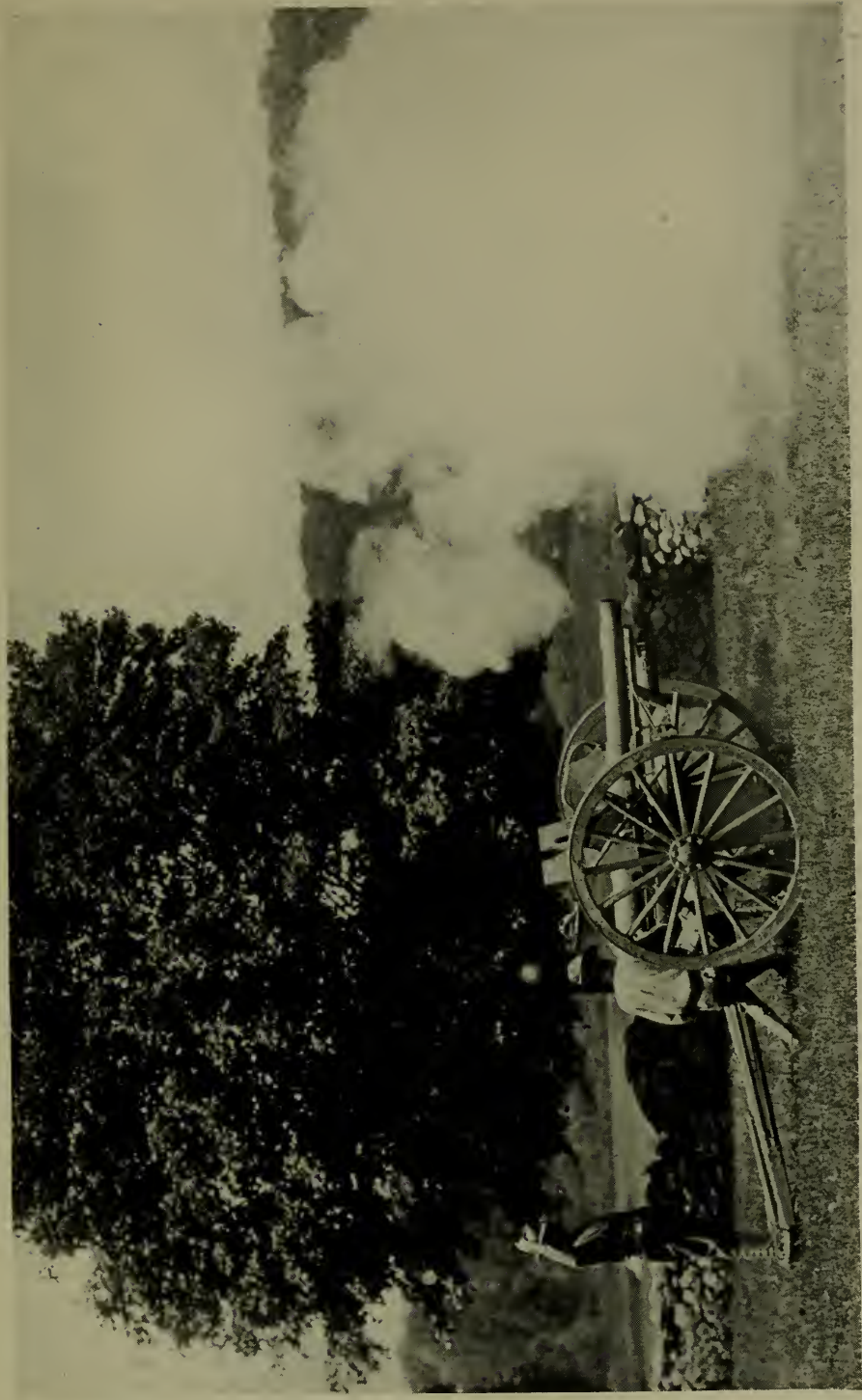
Russia and what the Bulgar cavalry did in Servia. Acting with "horse artillery" (every man in the battery mounted, none were dead weight, riding on the carriages, this making for speed) the cavalry executed drives of great impact and speed. And in 1917 on the West front, the British, when the Hun defenses broke, swept cavalry into action with great success. And one day the Hun front will collapse. Then watch our cavalry and light artillery race after them!

So, you see, there is a decided interrelation between the different branches of an army and one is dependent upon the other. So let us take for our supposition that provided we in the artillery are amply assisted by infantry and aerial scouting—as we will be—it will be our American guns that will end the war. . . . A broad statement; let us see.

First—American guns. France has reached the zenith of her military power. England is reaching hers in the spring of 1918. Then with the summer of 1918 we come in. Our Regular Army is almost in; our militia is going in; after the militia our great new National Army goes in. We used to think, in camp, how the new army would be officered,

by the men we were bunking with—how after us would come other officer candidates to the camp—then, more, *more*. For our army will grow and grow until Imperial Germany is crushed—until the world is made safe for you and me to live in, free from the yoke of Berlin.

And we realized it was up to us who were studying artillery at Madison Barracks, at Fort Oglethorpe, at Leon Springs—where not?—to get to know the guns, every part of them, to get to know how to use them effectively—to *love the guns*. A good Artillery Officer must love the guns. Commanding a battery, he has four guns—beautifully intricate and accurate pieces of the engineering art. I am thinking of our trim three-inchers. They are slender and good to look upon; with their long steel barrels, they suggest sleeping power. They repose upon carriages painted olive drab, which, like our uniforms, blend into the landscape and at distances they are difficult to discern. They can hurl shells weighing thirty pounds, with deadly accuracy up to 4,500 yards, not so accurately up to 8,500 yards. If you are standing within twenty yards of the explosion of one of these shells you are not safe. If our shell be shrapnel and



Our trim three-inchers are slender and good to look upon; with their long slim barrels, they suggest sleeping power.

it bursts about thirty feet above the ground where you are—well, consult a physician. *For theoretically a single shrapnel properly placed should cover each square yard of 250 square yards beneath it with one soft bullet.*

Then think, that you, the Battery Commander can conceal yourself in an observation post, perhaps screened by bushes, perhaps in a church steeple, a considerable distance away from your guns. Think that these guns can be hidden from the enemy, behind a crest, for example; unable to see their target, their target unable to see them. Think that you, hiding yourself from the enemy, but ever watching him, can by merely uttering a few commands into a telephone leading down to your guns, so control their sheaf of fire that it will dart with amazing accuracy upon any part of the target that you may desire to strew with destruction. The thought that such power, the sweep of such explosives generated by four guns can be so perfectly controlled by one man, quite far from them, gives to the real artilleryman a fascination and thrill. You know how a man who loves a horse will pat its flanks. I can conceive a man who loves the guns, doing that to their cold sides.

In the training camps we of the artillery were separated from the infantry. For a fortnight we studied artillery without even seeing a gun. At the end of that fortnight our battery was marched out into the country and our instructor rattled off a tactical situation. The supposition was that the location of our barracks was the location of the "main body" of an imaginary American column that was advancing upon Henderson's Harbor, a summer resort of Northern New York, about ten miles away from our barracks. We were ordered to join an imaginary "advance party" of our column. Accordingly we left the barracks at an imaginary trot, caught up with the imaginary "supports" of the "advance party," and were told that the battery was to go into action.

"B. C. station" rattled off our Captain, "that second telegraph pole down the road. Aiming point—right edge, that red freight car—from left and at 150 mils, a lone tree. Got it? Guns are 200 yards up the road just off it to the right, behind that swell marked by yellow flowers. Target—the second telegraph pole along the railroad tracks just ahead—in line with that at 800 yards, an unpainted barn

—in line with that at 3,000 yards a peculiar shaped tree, cut off vertically on the right side. Got it? . . . At the base of that tree trunk begins an infantry trench, extending 40 miles to the left. Figure out the deflection and the deflection difference.”

“Question,” a candidate shouted. “Shall we use the School of Fire Method?”

Almost reproachfully our instructor regarded him.

“Of course!”

Which brings us to two things. The brains that conceive this Reserve Officers Artillery course are amazingly good brains. Those commands that our instructor reeled off about “aiming points” and all. Strange gibberish to you; strange gibberish, too, they would have been to most of us a fortnight before. But the big thing is this—that after only two weeks work, the instructor was able to take us out in the country and throw those technicalities at us and demand that we then and there compute firing data that would turn that imaginary infantry trench into an inferno. More amazing, most of us were able to do it. In other words the officers who conceived this training camp course arranged it so shrewdly

and intensively that those commissioned were not dubs, but men able to take the guns over to France and return to the Germans some of their own hell.

The second important thing is the reference made to the School of Fire. You have never heard of it? It is something which, as events should turn out, will not gratify the Imperial being of the Hohenzollerns. In 1911 there was established at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, a sort of super-school to which were detailed Artillery Officers of our Army for super-study in the science of fire. An Artillery Officer, former military aide to Roosevelt when President, and now Colonel of the 3—th Field Artillery of the National Army, was responsible for the founding and efficiency of that school. As an American attaché to the German Army, the Colonel attended the German School of Fire at Juterborg and brought back with him, for our Army, all of it that was efficient. Thousands of rounds of ammunition were shot off on the Oklahoma tracts. Thousands of records were tabulated. Guns were fired under all sorts of conditions and at all conceivable targets. *And the result of each shot was put down in black and white.*

Until we entered the war no one in the Army save a few, knew the results of all this firing at Fort Sill. Those who did know were our artillery officers whose business it was to check up the fire statistics, group them and on the law of errors reach certain conclusions. The results of their work were embodied in documents filed by the School of Fire. They comprise the most valuable documents known to men in the Field Artillery. If an officer understands the "probabilities" and can apply them, why, write "finish" for anything that gets within range of his guns. In the training camps we were tutored in these codified truths of artillery fire, and those of us who studied them and won commissions were all subsequently sent from our regiments to the School of Fire, where for ten weeks in the winter just past we worked with varied types of American and French guns and howitzers. So we are bound to make things rather disagreeable for the Huns.

So you see, your country isn't so inefficient after all. Of brains, our little Regular Army had an abundance. The officers made in West Point are better than any in the world. Yes, better than those who come out of that factory

for Prussian Lieutenants the *Königlich Preussische Haupt Kadetten Anstalt*, at Gross Lichterfelde. And best of all, while the civilian masses of our country were sleeping the sleep of false security, those officers of our Regular Army were working away, undismayed by public indifference, not seeking the public recognition that would be theirs in some other countries, unostentatiously preparing for the day of war which their studies in the historic relations of nations told them must come. And then America awoke. And the long period of unthanked-for work of our Army Officers showed results. It showed results instantly with the forty-odd thousand civilians in those first Officer's Reserve training camps. It is showing results as the commissioned among us have begun to train the new National Army. It will write the result big on the battlefields of Europe.

All of you have a dear one or know some one called to the colors. Probably in the infantry, for an army includes a vastly greater number of infantrymen than men of the artillery. Consider what the guns mean to that man in the infantry—how they protect him, make his work easier, greatly decrease his

chances of being lost. Let's bring it right down close. You are in the infantry; I, in the artillery.

You are a private in the new National Army. You are in a trench, let us say, in the summer of 1918 in front of Mulhausen, which is in German Alsace. Orders come from our Army Headquarters that we are to begin a great offensive. The orders percolate down through field army, division and brigade headquarters to regimental headquarters. They go down through the Major of your Battalion to your Captain. Through him to your Lieutenants and Sergeants, through them to you.

You are told that your company is to capture a certain width of the German trenches in front of Mulhausen and that you will be completely supported by your artillery. Weather permitting, the infantry attack is to start on a certain day. The hour will be told you later. To us in the artillery have come similar orders, only our attack starts on a different day. It starts earlier. *It starts ten days before you begin.* For ten days our battery fires upon the "sector" your company is to attack. We have the range of the barbed wire entanglements. Meanwhile our heavy,

howitzers pour upon the trenches explosive shells. This demolishes the trenches, drives the Huns to hide in dug-outs often twenty feet under ground. They can escape the fragments of our shells there, but they cannot escape their sound.

I recall a night two years ago in front of Ypres. In his headquarters on the Denercke Farm, Colonel Meyers of the 37th Bavarian Infantry (I was there as a correspondent) said to me: "It is not so much the wounds they inflict but the effect that the sound of their explosions has upon my men, that makes this shell fire bad. Many of my men have been driven insane by it, or their nerves have been so badly shattered as to make them useless for the firing line." . . .

So besides demolishing their first line trenches in front of Mulhausen, we are shaking the German's *morale*, making it easier for you Infantrymen to dispose of him when the rush comes.

The Huns have a word for the kind of fire our big howitzers are using, they call it "*Trommelfeuer*"—drum fire. The Hun has come to hate it. He used to like it when he had more guns, when *he* was beating the drum.

It is as if the earth were a vast drum and that the shells falling upon it were as the incessant roll of infinite drumsticks. So do we beat the drum. But that is not all. Upon the area behind the German's first trenches, the battery just in our rear is laying another kind of fire. The French have an exquisite word for it—"barrage" fire.

Now *barrage* is the French word for dam. The thought is that behind the enemy first trenches is laid a *barrage*—a dam of bursting shells. The Hun will try to send reinforcements, food, ammunition, stretcher-bearers to his first-line trenches while the "drum fire" of our battery is upon them. But the battery behind us have placed a "*barrage*" fire behind the German front trenches, and through this few men can come and live or be sane. You see why the French called it *barrage*—a dam? Much water comes up to the dam but the dam holds it there. Only a little water trickles over it; only a few men trickle through the *barrage*. And so for days do we keep knifing away with our shell at his barbed wire and the battery behind us lays its "*barrage*" fire, preventing the Huns from sending help to the men whom you in the Infantry are to attack.

Up to the hour designated for the start of your infantry advance we pound away. Now over the top of the trenches you go, and race through No Man's Land to the enemy. Our Battery Commander has placed in your trench one of our artillery observers; when you leave the trench to attack, he goes with you with his signal apparatus. Above you swoop our aviators. No longer do we strive to cut wire; we finished that. Now we fire on an imaginary line ahead of you. You *walk* up close to that line and stop. We fire, say for three minutes; then increase our range 100 yards, and again we pause to fire at that new range, and again you walk to within the extremity of the flaming, smoking curtain we spread before you; and so you go—a hundred more, a hundred more.

Our next "lift" brings us to the German trench. You come closer to our "curtain." We pound away. You are drawing near the explosions of our own projectiles. And then our "curtain" of fire which has kept the enemy Infantry down in their dugouts so they didn't dare to come up and train their machine guns on you, "lifts." It lengthens the range, playing now upon his next trench—while you leap

in through the lifting smoke and bayonet the Huns. That is the “creeping *barrage*”—the glory of the guns.

So as not to complicate that, I refrained from saying that our “counter batteries” in the days of preparatory fire and during your attack have been firing upon the enemy’s artillery constantly so as to keep down the volume of shells that he could put upon you when you advance. Perhaps by re-reading and by digesting the above, you will have a clear idea of what the guns mean, why they are so tremendously important. . . .

Do you remember in the summer of 1916—before the Revolution—when the Russians under Brussiloff made such a tremendous attempt on the Austrian lines in the Bucowina and Galicia? Brussiloff did not have enough artillery. Do you know how he tried to overcome that? To make up for his inability to obtain a superiority of artillery fire—an essential for a successful offensive—he hurled great masses of men into action, fed Russian peasants by the thousands into the fury of the Austrian guns. Day after day they came—hordes of Russian infantry—almost literally, as an Austrian General put it, “trampling

down our trenches," which means paying an appalling price in human life. And which is emphatically *not* a part of our war strategy; for we are making quantities of guns and in the training camps quantities of officers for these guns. Thus our infantry will have tremendous artillery support, which means great protection and saving of life.

So well was the land of France and Belgium mapped in the years before the war as to the location of every house and hedge, so well have the trench systems been photographed and mapped from the sky since the day the trenches were dug, that artillery ranging there is quite simple. One day as we studied ranging at Madison Barracks, I thought how the year before, I stood in a bombproof dug-out in the side of a slope leading down to the canal at Houtem which is in front of Ypres. On a rough table there lay a map with a scale, corresponding to twelve inches to the mile. On that map were indicated all the positions of the English, which the Huns on that particular section of the line had been able to learn. At the table sat a young Bavarian Lieutenant, a telephone clamped to his head. If his Colonel had de-

sired a certain section of the English front shelled he would merely have had to call up his battery station and say, for example, "Open fire on Position 24." On the map Position 24 was designated; on the map the position of his guns was designated. A simple matter indeed to get the distance, the range from the guns to Position 24—just a measurement of the map, with a few technical corrections. . . .

At intervals there came over the phone to this young Bavarian Lieutenant, fire observations being made by another officer of the battery, posted, one guessed in the trenches, or in one of the several church steeples nearby. This information enabled the Lieutenant in the dug-out to issue orders to swing the fire to right or left, to shorten or lengthen it, to burst the shrapnel closer to, or higher above, the ground.

As we stood in the dug-out the young Lieutenant became quite excited. He shouted an order to a Sergeant at the dugout's mouth; the Sergeant shouted it to the battery not twenty yards away. We saw the cannoneers cease firing, strew branches over the guns and race for the ruins of a house a hundred yards away. There they flattened themselves against

the walls. The officer who had been at the guns hurried down into the bombproof. "Aeroplane," remarked the young Bavarian Lieutenant.

It was then clear to us. Branches strewn over the guns to conceal them from eyes in the sky. The observer far to the front must have phoned in a warning that English aviators were rising to look for the battery. The men who had flattened themselves against the walls of the house? That made them more difficult of observation from the sky.

But in the Officers' Reserve Corps camps, we were not merely being taught the use of artillery for this Western front warfare, this being able to measure off ranges on a map, which suggests siege operations. That is quite quickly obtained once one has the fundamentals of the "war of manoeuvre." Rather, we were taught the use of artillery in the field, the quick moving about, shifting of positions, the quick going into action—*mobility*. Once a man understands that kind of war he can use the guns under any kind of conditions. It gives one a thrill to think that the great new American Army will break up the Hun front and that then there will come a chance to use

our guns "in the field"—as the Germans used theirs when they swept into France and Belgium, galloping after the withdrawing Allies, covering them with shell. What a goal for an American Field Artillery officer to look forward to—galloping after retreating Germans and sweeping them with shrapnel. . . . It will come.

Before our course ended at Madison in the second week of August, 1917, there was put at our disposal much of the confidential information relating to Field Artillery that our General Staff has acquired from Europe. Combine this with our own School of Fire data, and you get an idea that this new National Army of yours is going to be quite a business-like proposition. For our training was broad. Not only were we being taught the guns and how to use them, but we had to know something about horses—what their common ailments are, how to cure them, how to take care of our horses so as to get the most work out of them. You see a battery is dependent upon its horse. Soldiers cannot pull the guns. They're too heavy. Also, we had to master the field telegraph or "buzzer" and the "field telephone." We had learned how

to take apart and put together those instruments. How to locate and remedy "trouble" for the wires make an important means of communication between the observation post of the officer who is watching and correcting the results of our fire, down to the officer in command at the guns. All of us came to know the International Morse Code which is used on our "buzzers" and wig-wag, for if the "buzzer" falls down, we send our "dot-dash" messages with a flag. And in August, about the time we started to fire our guns with sub-caliber ammunition, other future officers of our Artillery in Illinois, California, wherever the camps were, were firing too.

Sound travels. How far? I wonder if Potsdam heard those guns. Maybe not, later then. Summer! Our guns—*our own guns*—playing along the front in France; muttering out, for Imperial Germany, a *Miserere*, an immeasurable dirge, which will drive the Hohenzollerns to their "old German God," quite mad.

CHAPTER XI

WHY WE WILL DEFEAT GERMANY

BECAUSE what follows is quite personal, the pronoun "one" will be used. Since 1914, when war broke, through the two years following one has seen much of the Kaiser's War Machine. As a correspondent for American publications, one followed the German soldier from the day he reported in a dreary barrack yard to the night he died in a trench at La Bassé. One has seen the German soldier in all stages of his training and in action under varying conditions. One has watched him on the march both following victory and leaving behind defeat. One has been over the lines in his aeroplanes, beside his guns in action, in his headquarters and in his front line trenches in France. One observed him in that frightful winter battle of East Prussia and saw the corruption that he sowed in 1915 in the armies of Russia, the way the betrayed peasants of

the Czar were fed to the fury of Krupp guns. One made it one's business to learn as much about the Hun as possible. And when one compares the power of the Hun to make war with America, one does so from first-hand observation.

Is the German War Machine the invincible organization we have been led to believe? Are its soldiers super-soldiers? Are its officers as efficient as gossip says? Do they fight better than any other people? Is there something in the German, the German soul which predestines them to victory? Much has been written about that; much is bunk. Let us see.

Be tolerant. Because one begins with something that seems dogmatic, do not think that one is seeking to bore. But to understand why Germany will be crushed we must tunnel down deep. We must get at a fundamental difference between the way they think, their army thinks, and the way we think. Now I am not going to drag out history, but if you would understand the nonchalance with which a Hun can shoot down a woman or child you must begin 'way back. The Germans are not Christians. They never have been. Their Kultur is a veneer over barbarism. Their own

Goethe said that the more civilized a Prussian became, the more barbarous he would be. Goethe looked into the future and saw Zeppelins raining bombs on hospitals in the streets of London. He saw Belgium raped, the Canadians crucified, the introduction of poisonous gas into war and the Lusitania babies. He saw the young womanhood of Northern France put in freight cars with drunken soldiers of the Kaiser and sent back to Germany, there to breed soldiers for a German Army twenty years from now. Yet the world was used to looking upon Germany as a Christian nation. Did it not have churches?

The German has never thought in a Christian way. We attach too much significance to the revolt of Luther. That was more temporal than spiritual. The German of old believed in barbaric gods. He believed in Wotan, Thor, Brunhilde. The German of to-day believes in the old barbaric gods. His Christianity is but a gesture. What does the Kaiser mean when in his speeches he refers to "Our old German God"? When they wanted a fetish, a name that would bring them luck, when they were being pushed back in France and they organized a great new line of trench-

es, a place where they could take refuge from the relentless attack of the English, what name did they pick for it? They named it after their old German God. Look on a war map and you can see it there—the *Wotan line*.

Now when the ancient Germans came into contact with Rome they met Christianity. Their religion had been based upon war. When a tribe went out to fight they invoked the aid of Thor and his hammer. If they were killed they believed that the beautiful Brunhilde flew down from the sky with her escort of mounted Valkyrie, who picked up killed and wounded alike, threw them across the saddles and galloped back skyward. There they went into the Hall of Wotan. A magic salve healed their wounds. Then there was a great feast over which Wotan presided and everybody got delightfully stewed drinking mead out of hollowed-out horns. The next day the dead and wounded were sent back to earth to fight. That was the Teutons conception of the Resurrection.

They became "converted" to Christianity. Can you imagine that gang ever accepting the doctrine that the meek are blessed? They never did. They scratched their shaggy beards and

accepted Christianity with reservations—because their gang leaders told them to. They swapped deities. They exchanged Wotan for Jehovah. Now that was all right. Jehovah at one time might have been something like Wotan; but he had gotten old, a bit bored with war and had put on some weight around the belt. They exchanged Thor for Lucifer. That was all right. Lucifer was a good fighter in his day. Now he was merely in the reserves. They judged he still had the punch if he wanted to use it. They swapped off Brunhilde for the Virgin Mary. That went all right.

There the Germans stopped. None of their ancient gods could they exchange for Christ, the man who was his brother's keeper, who preached helping the weak, who made companions of the downtrodden. That did not suit the Germans. They never accepted the teachings of Christ. Their interest in Him is merely conventional and historical. Examine into the way they think, look at quotations of their most popular writers, "The weak should perish, and it is our duty to help them perish," and this gem, "Women are for bearing children, men are for making war!"

The teachings of their beloved philosopher Nietzsche, who exhorted a whole nation to cast aside sentimentality, who called Christianity the greatest curse that ever befell humanity, who begged and cajoled the whole German nation to be ruthless, cruel and deceitful—*his teachings succeeded*.

The Germans began as savages. In their subconscious minds they think like savages to-day, their religion is the old code that the weak are a blotch on the face of the earth, and that it is the duty of the strong to make them perish. They did their best to exterminate Belgium, Servia, Rumania, Poland, and the weak, the women and children, of Northern France. When the Germans fight there is no big spiritual motive urging them on. Their motive at the start of the war was greed, just as the motive of their barbarian ancestors who swooped down on Rome was greed—greed and lust for blood.

Consider that the highest in Imperial Germany looted. One of the Kaiser's sons stole a fine turnout and a team of horses in Suwalki, Russia. The heir to the Imperial throne, when he wasn't engrossed with the butcher's daughter in the house of the ironmaster in

Esch sur, I'Azette, Luxemburg, was stealing silver candlesticks and old paintings from chateaus and sending them back to his wife's palace in Potsdam. When so prominent a general as their Von Kluck and his staff looted the home of Madame Huard, an American woman—incidentally breaking open a bureau and finding an American flag there, which they left when they retreated, conspicuously plugging up a toilet—imagine what their millions of soldiers did to the homes of Belgium and France.

Their rulers told them it would be a short war, a quick victory. They painted to them a conquered world with its riches lying at their feet. Their rulers began the war for greed, to gain land, to saddle an enormous indemnity on a crushed France, whom they expected would be suing for peace by January of 1915. I know this. I heard a drunken and a high officer of their General Staff boast it. The impulse of the whole nation in going into the war was greed. Only the other day a French Officer touched off the situation quite neatly.

Speaking to our regiment in a training camp, he likened Belgium to a man living in a little house. Germany, the burglar, broke

in, got as far as the first floor when the man driven to the second floor yelled for help. The neighbors came and surrounded the house. They couldn't catch the burglar. He was too strong. He was forty years getting ready for this job. The neighbors had just jumped out of bed in their pajamas, but they wouldn't go away and they wouldn't let the burglar get away with his booty. Pretty soon they began to get some of the fighting implements the burglar had. He saw he was in for it, he proposed to divide half of his loot if they would let him go. They scorned his offer. They will scorn every offer until he gives up everything and goes to jail in the bargain.

He is in the wrong; they are in the right. He is fighting the fight of the thief cornered with the goods. They are fighting the fight for justice. Educators, philosophers, writers, playwrights, public speakers, got Germany to thinking that might was right, that their Kaiser was a being anointed of God, that the Germans were the chosen people of God—whose mission it was to conquer the world. Which brings us to the soul of the German Army.

They did not get peace by January, 1915,

as planned. They did not crush France and collect the big indemnity, as planned. They were not invincible, as believed. They got a terrible licking at the Marne—unexpected. They have lost over a million dead—*furchtbar!* Their whole nation is on a starvation diet—*ach, Gott!* Their rulers are continually promising them a peace which never comes—they went to war for greed. Poverty stares them in the face. They went to war believing might was right. They drank the blood of nations as no savages in history ever dared. Yet all this availed them nothing. Slowly they are being driven back. The only language they know is force. They are now getting more force than they want. They will get more.

They have nothing, no big fine emotion to keep them going. They began as successful crooks and now they are cornered crooks. Which is the way they are fighting, devoid of anything in their soul to stir them to the enormous sacrifices they will have to make, once the pressure of America's new armies is put against them. At the outset they swept everything before them; then their *morale* was wonderful. Their *morale* is bound to curdle in a losing fight.

They are in a losing fight and they know it. Contrast with this the fact that America never went to war for greed. She fought for her independence; then to preserve it. She fought to free her own kind living under a barbarous flag. She fought to preserve her own nation that threatened to split apart, because she granted freedom to all men. She fought to free the oppressed of a European colony and now what? She is fighting to preserve her own liberty and by that the whole world's, from the greed of the Hun.

America is a Christian nation. We do not believe that might is right. We have given of our blood so the weak would not perish, so that men would be free. We are fighting for an ideal. Germany is fighting basely. It is not hard to die for an ideal. It is hell to die for money. This is the basic difference between their ability to make war to-day and ours. The *morale*, the spiritual power of a nation at war, is of enormous importance. And the *morale* is all in our favor.

It is just that difference which will make the new American Army superior to Germany's. I fully appreciate how extravagant that may read to the capricious, but consider that I

make it, even after having seen the wonderful discipline of the German Army. Here is the difference: In 1915 I stood in the barracks yard of the German infantry *kaserne* at Frankfort-on-Main. A new conscript levy was being trained. I asked the *Rittmeister*, who was acting as our guide: "What is the fundamental idea of your system of training?"

In an airy manner, it never occurring to him that he was disposing of the personality of men, he said, "We take away their name and give them a number. As Hans Schmidt a man ceases to exist. We strive to," and the Major cynically smiled, "entirely destroy all their individuality. They become cogs in a machine," and his manner took on that objectionable boastfulness, "a world invincible machine as you have seen."

Now the little parts of a machine cannot function unless the greater parts first function. Now it is a fact that German troops often readily surrender after their officers and non-commissioned officers have been wounded or killed. In other words, these little cogs of a machine cease to work when the more important parts are disabled or cease to exist. Contrast that with our system—as we are employ-

ing it in cantonments. Those of us who are drilling the new American Army are *not* taking away the individuality of the men under us and making them mere cogs of a machine. Rather, although being thoroughly disciplined, these new American soldiers are to be taught—*after* they almost subconsciously obey the commands of close order work—“squad rights,” etc.—they are to *be taught to act on their own initiative if their immediate superiors all become put out of action.*

See how this works out. In the infantry for example, you are in “extended order,” meaning you advance, lie down, or halt with a yard between each man. That is a formation for the open firing line, the men separated by that yard interval so as to present a compact target. You are taught that the Captain commands your company skirmish line, that he signals orders to platoon leaders (a company is divided into platoons). These platoon leaders signal the orders—“Cease firing,” etc.—to the squad leaders, Corporals (in each platoon there are four squads of eight men each). These Corporals transmit the orders to the seven other men in their squads. So much for the machine idea.

But now here is the difference. Every American private is trained to watch his target, to fire more rapidly when it becomes more visible, to be economical of ammunition, to take cover (hide behind brush, rocks, etc.) but not to hide behind that cover too long (a man in a warm room hates to jump into a cold bath) but to advance. In brief, the private is taught how to act on his own resources on the firing line, although told to take orders from his Corporal. Thus if his Corporal, if his platoon leaders are put out of action, that American private is not useless. He does not lose his head. He has been taught *how to act on his own responsibility*. Under all the military discipline, his individuality has been allowed to live—not destroyed like in the German War Machine. Which is why in the last analysis the American once trained is a better soldier than the German. He does not lose his head and get into a panic when his immediate superiors are killed, and, not knowing what to do, forthwith surrenders, bellowing “*Kamerad! Comrade!*” to those he wishes to capture him.

In the Officers’ Training camps of 1917 our instructors gave us the viewpoint of American Officers. It was of enormous importance how

those of us who were commissioned would handle the men under us in the new American Army. We have taken to heart Army Regulations, which say: *"Superiors are forbidden to injure those under their authority by tyrannical or capricious conduct or by abusive language. While maintaining discipline and the thorough and prompt performance of military duty, all officers, in dealing with enlisted men, will bear in mind the absolute necessity of so treating them as to preserve their self-respect."*

An ideal which it is very wise for any young Officer to take as his own. If he does he will get more willing work out of his men. They will enjoy their work more. And what makes more for efficiency than "creative joy" in things military as in everything else. I contrast this ideal—the ideal that our Reserve Officers were given for the new American Army, with the German way. And again the Kaiser's War Machine is the loser. I stood with the walls of the shell-shattered church of the Annunciation of Mary the Virgin in Houtem, which is before Ypres. It was filled with German soldiers being given a drill in loading and firing for the trenches. I heard an officer bel-

low at them, "Faster, you pig dogs. Faster!" How they would rejoice in giving their lives for that officer, would they not? They would *not*.

As an American correspondent left the railroad station in Lille, after the Germans captured it, Bavarian privates, farmer boys, stopped to gaze at the American. Whereupon a German officer with him slashed their faces with a riding crop. Imagine that officer, called upon to lead those same men in a charge. He'd quickly be killed, shot or "accidentally" bayoneted in the back. All of which means inefficiency. Yes, the new American Army has that decided advantage over the German—the spirit governing the relations between officers and men.

We were taught that while strict discipline is imperative, that the officers who encourage confidence and sympathy in their men, who can induce their men to come to them for advice in their troubles, those men will get better results than the most marvelous disciplinarian who treats his men as if they were not human beings but mere mechanical cogs. *It is team work that counts.* Men going into battle, each pulling for the other, for their officers, for the

whole, accomplish more than men lashed into battle. Do you remember the speech your football coach used to make between halves? "Come on, men. All together now. You can do it. Tear them to pieces." That's the spirit—the "get together" idea—not the attitude of the Prussian Lieutenant, "The first man who wavers will get a pistol bullet in his head." Ours will be the onslaught of the spiritual, not the onslaught bred by fear of those above us.

As the Officers are, so is the Army. There is much that is mythical about the German officer. He is a product of German education. He fills himself with poisonous philosophy which makes him believe that he is everything, that all else is nothing. The things he studies in the cadet schools or the universities make him an enormous egotist. Just so long as the German officer can subordinate that egotism to the orders of the War Machine he leads his troops into battle unafraid. When he is not under orders, when there is no magic or mummary of the Kaiser in the air he is often a coward. He is afraid of death because he is such an enormous egotist.

Two things come to mind. The little shell-shot village of Houtem in front of Ypres; two

American correspondents in charge of a Captain of the German General Staff. He agreed to take them down to the front line trenches. At Brigade Headquarters, he learned that a part of the road they would have to go down was open to machine gun fire. He had agreed to see the whole thing through. He backed out and detailed a Sergeant to take the Americans down. The point I am trying to make is that if that officer had been ordered to take the correspondents down he would have obeyed. But on his own bottom just taking a sporting chance—nothing doing!

It was not in his make-up. He was too much of an egotist. He would have obeyed an order through fear of court-martial and what people would say, were he to disobey. And he is like most of the officers in the German Army. They think like machines. They obey like machines. They haven't it in them to do the nervy thing just for the zest of it. That is why their aviation officers hate the American flying corps of the French Army.

When the French wanted to blind the German artillery at Verdun, they sent for the Escadrille Lafayette, American flyers in the

French service. The Americans loved the risky game they were in. Fighting the Germans they took break-neck chances in the air and made the Germans really look foolish. The difference was the German aviation officers were methodically obeying orders, so much, nothing more. The Americans were fighting the way a 'varsity team holds for downs on the one yard line. There is that difference between the German officer and the American, and there is another.

If anything, our way of fighting is more reckless than the English. When the Northumberland Fusiliers went over the top at the Hun, do you know what they did? They took a soccer football with them and during the charge kicked it from one man to the other. If a man who was about to kick it went down, another ran up and gave the ball a boot—all this under machine gun fire. It got the Hun's goat. German officers who were captured in that attack were indignant. For the English to charge kicking a football, that to the mind of a German officer was almost sacrilege. Had they not been taught for years that war is a holy thing? And so do they fight, doggedly, without song, except when it is or-

dered. Orders, blind obedience to them, as much as the orders call for, that and nothing more—by that their courage is limited.

The German officer is taught to be a brute in his cadet school. The Kaiser's dictates have placed him so far above a civilian that even in peace times a Lieutenant in command of a platoon marching through the streets of Berlin could hold up the fire department rushing to a burning building until his platoon had passed. They treat their soldiers like cattle. The discipline of their army is one of fear. It is ground into the men. The education that the men got deliberately prepared them for this kind of discipline. American soldiers would not stand for it.

I have heard German officers order men flogged. I have seen them trip and send a man sprawling in the mud. To strike a soldier in the face with a riding crop—or a woman either for that matter—is no uncommon thing. It is rare that the soldiers of a German company like their captain. That is not uncommon in the American Army. I heard a German officer call men who were just going into the trenches "damn pig dogs" and something worse. Imagine such tyrannical conduct ever

existing in the American Army without the officer being court-martialed. I have talked to German wounded in the hospital, I have heard them curse their officers. Judge that by their own word "efficiency." Do you think soldiers who obey through fear, who secretly hate, can compare with the soldiers of the National Army most of whom think "We are in this. Let's make the best of it. Do a good job."

Do you think that the German private is going to fight as well as the American? He cannot. He has nothing to fall back on. He's a crook caught with the goods, and every day the police are getting stronger and our American soldiers are the police. They represent law among nations, order among people, justice to humanity. And they sing "God help Kaiser Bill." And Kaiser Bill will call on Wotan, his old German God, and he will find him quite steeped in his bowl of mead and unable to help at all. For the Huns are fighting without an ideal. And our ideal? Do you remember how well the Crusaders used to fight? Their ideal spanned the centuries. It was the form of a cross.

CHAPTER XII

“ALL IN THE DAY’S WORK”

Now the National Army is not one vast body of men thinking day and night of war. They are not men who have had their individualities fused into a military machine. Not that they are indifferent soldiers. They are good, very good. But they are human, entirely so. They laugh—as every democratic army laughs—the English, the French, the Canadian. And it is when they laugh that one more often glimpses the other side of them—and of their officers. For as I think these things over I think how few of them would have been tolerated in an army with a heart of steel, like the German. As I think of “Beefy” and “Mike” Hogan, I’m glad it’s that way, because it does soldiers good to laugh. There are times when even grim Mars smiles. He must.

Almost immediately after a “rookie” is ac-

cepted he has read to him extracts from the "blue book," Army Regulations, and from the Articles of War, the backbone of military law. He is told what his rights as a soldier are—the treatment that he has a right to receive, the things he must and must not do. He has the right to protest against tyrannical and abusive conduct by an officer and to cause that officer to be court-martialed. He is told that in time of war the punishment for certain military offences is particularly severe.

In any National Army cantonment with the coming of green recruits you can see them, in a "squad room," gathered around an officer who is reading aloud from a legal-looking book that contains the Articles of War. By the time he has finished, seven things stick in their minds:

The penalty for desertion can be—DEATH.

For going asleep while on sentry duty—

DEATH.

For violating a safeguard—DEATH.

For giving aid or comfort to the enemy—

DEATH.

For mutiny—DEATH.

For looting—DEATH.

For rapine — DEATH.

In one of our negro regiments of the National Army a Captain had just closed his book.

"Men," he said, "I have read to you the Articles of War that you are required to know for your own good. Any questions?"

A young buck with a scar on his right cheek got up. "Capt'n," he drawled, "Ah likes t' asks yo' one li'l' queshun. Jes' s'pose some low-down niggah steals mah watch or sum-thing, and Ah catches him. What does Ah do?"

"What would you do, Recruit Lewis?", asked the Captain.

The negro's eyes rolled happily. "Why, Capt'n," and he smiled lusciously, "Ah would suttinly make dat coon looks like a dish o' stew'd tripe à la mulatto. Ah'd get out mah Old Ben an' Ah'd shorely carve up dat coon."

"You'd do nothing of the kind," replied the Captain. "You'd report the thief at once to the First Sergeant, and we'd handle his case."

"But, Capt'n, couldn't Ah takes jes' one li'l' swipe at dat coon?"

"Not one," cautioned the Captain. "If there's any punishment to be made, we'll make it. Another thing: from now on razors are

only to shave yourself with. Get it? If I hear of any of you ever fighting with razors, I'll take away every razor in the company and make you patronize the regimental barber. The use of your razors on any one but Germans is forbidden."

And with that there came into being among them a certain *noblesse oblige* about the razor which is being tactfully observed. Like the Hun, they now have a "Der Tag" to look forward to.

Malingering is a trick of old soldiers more than of new. But the "rookie" catches on quickly enough and tries it. He doesn't try very often. There was a boy in our regiment who tried it. In civil life he had been a negro vaudeville trooper, done his two a day and then loafed. The hard work of a soldier didn't appeal to him. One morning Private Coles reported at Sick Call and was duly sent over to the Regimental Infirmary.

"Ah has an awful pain in mah head, Doctor," he said. "Ah kain't drill to-day."

"Put out your tongue."

yard or so of tongue was reluctantly extended.

"Hm," remarked the Medical Captain; and

then to an orderly: "Bring me a big dose of castor oil."

Private Coles made a grimace and shifted uneasily.

"Mah headache seems better, Doctor!" he suggested.

"Can't take any chances on your case," remarked the Captain. "You need a big dose of castor oil." The orderly approached with a beaker brimming with the sickly-looking fluid. "Ugh," gasped Private Coles. "Doctor, mah headache am most surprisin' better."

"No," persisted the Medical Captain, with just the suspicion of a smile around his mouth. "This will keep you from ever having a headache again. . . . Here"—and he handed the negro the castor oil—"drink that!"

"Oh, Lawdy, Doctor! Oh, my oh my! Ah can't take 'at, Doctor!"

"Drink it!" ordered the Captain. There was a splutter, a gasp, a groan. "Ugh! . . . Whew! . . . My Gawd, Doctor!"

"Feel better?" grimly asked the Captain. "Can you drill now?"

"Yas, suh. Yas, suh," Private Coles made haste to say. It was his first, and last, attempt at malingerin'. Wise army doctors find a big

hooker of castor oil a sure cure for all cases of fake aches and pains.

Not always too careful in their combing, the Exemption Boards sent to camp some men who belonged rather in—shall we say Russia?—than in the army. One refers to the “nuts.” Now in a certain regiment of a certain cantonment one whispers this story—for the Major has never quite gotten over it: A Captain was ordered to detail a man for duty as the Major’s orderly. Now the Major and this Captain had never hit it off together. The Captain picked a man from his company and detailed him as orderly.

Be present in the Major’s office as the man reports.

A knock at the door, impatiently repeated, and the Private enters. A bit ruffled, the Major eyes him askance.

“What do you want?”

“Private Bugby reports for duty as the Major’s orderly.”

The Major looked gratified. Obviously the Captain had chosen a well-trained Private. Had he not phrased his introduction according to the rules of Military Courtesy? Which was only right; a Major should have the best.

"Private Bugby, you may sweep out the office."

That was the test. The Major watched him. He saw his new orderly take a quick glance around the room and then, seeing no broom, draw himself up to attention, salute and depart. "Good!" the Major told himself. "Has initiative. Didn't ask me where the broom was, but went out to get it. I must tell Captain X—— how pleased I am with Private Bugby."

Five minutes passed, but no orderly. Ten . . . a half hour.

The Major's annoyance grew greater as time passed.

"The idiot!" he thought. "Where can he be looking for that broom?" Presently the Major went out to look for his orderly. He visited every barrack in vain. Then in a towering rage he sought Private Bugby in the bath houses. "Probably hugging the stove—the scoundrel!" It was indeed in a bath house that the Major found his orderly. Private Bugby was seated atop the partition that divides the showers. His long legs dangled down. He was breathless as from some untoward exertion. "What the devil!" ejaculated

the Major. "Private Bugby, what are you doing up there?"

But the Private, his mind intent upon something else, did not hear him. His arms that had been hanging lifeless began to stir; he flapped them up and down. Dumbfounded, the Major watched him. "Private Bugby, come down!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" burst from his orderly. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and madly his arms flapped.

"Private Bugby," shouted the Major, "come down!"

This time the "rookie" heard him; he seemed to start as if from a trance. "Can't do it, Major. It's ten o'clock. Every morning at ten I must crow. . . . Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

With blood in his eyes, the Major went to find the Captain. Quite blandly—the Captain's friends say—he pointed out to the Major that he had asked him to have the Colonel convene a board of officers on the case of Private Bugby and that twice the Major had scoffed at the idea, remarking: "He's only stalling you. No recruit passed by the Local Board physicians is insane." So with "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" ringing in his ears, the Major

made haste to start proceedings for Private Bugby's discharge.

The psychological tests that were held in every cantonment were irreverently called "nut examinations," and the learned psychologists who conducted them were known as "nut pickers." Every command in every National Army cantonment, officers and men, had to report to the "nut pickers." Come with us to this examination. Into an empty ward of the Base Hospital at a cantonment the soldiers file and, sitting on wooden benches, face the psychologist.

"You are each supplied with a set of questions. When I say 'Attention!' hold up your pencils in your right hand and read the first questions. When I say 'Go!' write the answers. When I say 'Attention!' hold up your pencils again and read the second; then I'll say 'Go!' again, and so on. . . . 'Attention!'"

The men read the first question on the printed slip. They see the figures of a circle, a square and a triangle. These overlap. They read they must "make a cross in that part of the circle which is not in the square; a check in that part of the square which is outside of the triangle; a dot in that part of the

triangle which is inside the circle but not inside the square." Scarcely enough time to digest this, then "Go!" Scarcely enough time to make the markings desired—two seconds—then "Attention!" again.

"What the hell is this for?" mutters a Private.

"Silence!" glares the instructor. And so for an hour he alternately calls "Attention!" and "Go!" while the men wrestle with the provoking things the printed sheet calls for and under their breaths curse the learned man with the glasses for not giving them enough time. Under "Questions to Determine Common Sense," they find the following:

"If you found a drunken man on the street and he struck you, what would you do?"
(Cross out the solution not applicable.)

1. Take him home.
2. Knock him down.
3. Reason with him.
4. Turn him over to the police.
5. Leave him.

One "rookie" disdained all the solutions and wrote on his paper these thirsty words: "I'd ask him where he got it."

And so the questions of the "nut pickers"

went. At the close of the written examination, the men were then each given a box filled with the disassembled parts of the following: a monkey wrench, a coin bank, a pants hanger, an electric button, a door lock, a bicycle bell, and a mouse trap!

"You will begin work on these articles when I say 'Go!'" announced the psychologist. "You will cease all work when I call 'Attention!' Ready? . . . Go!"

While the "rookies" were fumbling with the mouse traps and all, their Captain took occasion to question the psychologist about what it all meant.

"Why, Captain," said that learned person, a little grieved, "we correct every paper. We can tell you by the result of this examination what men will be most valuable to you."

"The devil you can!" thought the Captain.

"By these tests we save you months of work," went on the psychologist enthusiastically. "We obtain observations that you would never get in a year. By a study of the examination papers we can tell you the best place for every man in your command, just how his mentality fits into the work you have planned for him. You will find our report a

way to correct mistakes you must have made."

Bicycle bells that "rookies" had feverishly put together tinkled throughout the room; mouse traps clattered; locks turned. Feverishly the "rookies" worked on.

"And the object of this—the mouse traps?" asked the Captain.

"That," replied the psychologist, "that determines for you the men with mechanical instinct. Why, only the other day we found a private who put together everything in fourteen minutes! He certainly was a mechanical genius."

Whereupon the Captain set himself down to give it a tryout. After losing the springs of the coin box on the floor; after twisting horribly a lever in the bicycle bell; after cutting his finger on a piece of tin in the mouse traps, he hurled what was left into the box and sought the psychologist.

"What did you say that fellow was who put together that bunch of junk in fourteen minutes?"

"A mechanical genius," replied the psychologist.

"Rather, a damn fool," sweetly corrected the Captain. Later he sought out two of the

brainiest specialists of the Medical Corps who had taken the test.

"Doctor," the Captain asked one of them—a Major, a noted eye and ear specialist of New York, "I heard you took that psychological test. What mark did you get?"

"Forty-six per cent.—deficient," laughed the Major; "but they told me I'd improve on a second test."

"Yes," chipped in another specialist, "and they say if you get one hundred per cent. they put you down as a nut."

Yes, in those early days of the National Army, when rifles were short, the men answered such psychological questions as, "What product is 99 44/100 per cent. pure?" and the learned ones got surprising answers like "Lemp's Beer."

It was during that formative period of the National Army that laughs tempered the routine. The salute—no matter how precisely explained—was forever getting the "rookie" in hot water. One day when a Brigadier General was strolling around our cantonment, he met a soldier who failed to salute him. The General stopped him. "How long have you been in camp?"

“Oh, about a week,” replied the Private chummily. “How long have you been down here?”

The General gasped, and then unburdened himself. It was this same General who at “Saturday inspection” made a point of unexpectedly descending upon different companies in his brigade to personally inspect them. This habit had every Captain on the jump. There was a Captain in the regiment whose company had been one of the last to receive its recruits. Thoroughly undisciplined as they were, he awaited with misgivings a possible visit by the General. Nor were his doubts set at ease when he thought how he had overheard “rookies” speak of him as “Bertie.” His first name they had somehow discovered to be Bertram. So bright and early Saturday morning he was around the barracks, seeing to it that the preparations for Inspection were made, that the floors were swept underneath the cots, that soiled linen was out of the way, that all extra clothing and mess kits were clean and orderly spread out on the bed-sacks. Then ten minutes before the inspection hour, getting a tip from the Regimental Adjutant that the General had his company marked for a visit,

he ordered them all out in the barrack yard. There he faced them and earnestly said:

"Be sure all your buttons are buttoned; that your shirt collars are turned down; that your legging laces are tucked away; that there are no pins, watch chains, ornaments of any kind showing. . . . And, oh, yes, one other thing: If the General asks you your Captain's name, for God's sake, it is Captain Howe."

The General came, strutting at his left side and ever so perceptibly to the rear his Aide-de-Camp, a "shave-tail" Lieutenant. "'Tenshun!" bawled out the Captain. His "rookies" came to their different conceptions of what "Attention!" was. Spinning round with an about-face, the Captain saluted the General.

"Captain, I will inspect your company."

With sinking heart, the Captain ordered: "Open ranks! . . . March!"

Somehow they executed the movement, were "dressed" and ordered "front." Then accompanied by his Aide-de-Camp, the General began his Inspection, the Captain, wishing himself in No Man's Land, accompanying him.

"Hm," remarked the General. "Some of them need hair cuts." Then what the Captain dreaded happened.

"Private," and the General addressed himself to a lanky "rookie," "you should know the names of all your officers. Now who is your Captain?"

The Captain glared at the rookie. The rookie became flustered. "Captain——," he thought. "Captain—— What in hell did he say his name was?"

"Come, Private," said the General sharply. "What is your Captain's name?"

"Bertie," exploded the thoroughly rattled Private.

"Howe, you idiot," hissed the Captain; "my name is Captain Howe!"

Greatly surprised, the General turned to the discomfited officer. "Captain Howe, this will never do—such familiarity with your men. Bertie, indeed!" And the Aide-de-Camp who had led cotillions looked grieved to his soul. But the Captain's laugh was to come. Farther down the line, the General questioned a fox-faced little "rookie."

"In the army," the General said to him, "we have Saturday Inspection. It is prescribed by Army Regulations. Every soldier must be neat and clean, must be ready to be inspected. Now why, Private," concluded the General,

“do you suppose that is? What is the purpose of Saturday inspection?”

In terror, the Captain waited for his rookie's answer.

“I'll tell you how it is, General,” he said confidentially, “in civil life the boss gives you the once over every morning; sees if your shoes are cleaned, and all that. But in the army with their Saturday inspection I guess they want to check up that the army is clean one day out of seven.”

The Captain froze the grin that flickered on his lips. Like many officers, he judged the idea of Saturday Inspection a pernicious one. Why not daily inspections? He saw the General gulp once or twice; he saw a gleam in the rookie's eye. Then without a word the General passed on. He was big enough to see the rookie had him.

Now as was originally pointed out by Shaw, I believe, and it has been made the theme of a score of short stories, “an Irishman can save every country but his own.” We have him in the National Army by the thousand, the type that believes Columbus must have had Irish blood in him and—whist!—Napoleon was a “good Harp” who changed his name—may the

Saint pity him! There is such a wild, fighting Irishman in the 3—th Infantry at Camp Dix. He has his own story of the war, and he never wearies of telling it. He blarneyed his way into the Captain's office, his first day in camp, and poured it into his ears. I have heard it:

"Whin th' Dutchmen bate little Belgium—bad cess to thim!" Private Hogan invariably begins, "I run round t' Schweitzer's saloon wit' me pals Casey an' Dugan, and offers t' beat him up, th' dirty haythen that he be. 'Schweitzer,' sez I, 'th' Kaiser's a dirty black Protestant.'

"'Sure,' sez Schweitzer, as he took me money fer th' beer.

"'Schweitzer,' sez I, 'I am an Irishman, a good one, mind ye, from th' South o' Ireland, one wit' no Protestant relations, and I can lick twinty Dutchmen.'

"'Sure,' sez Schweitzer, 'und vhy doan't you try id?'

"So I chucks th' beer in his face and was 'just about t' jump on his big Dutch belly whin th' cop comes an' saves Germany. Dennie Murphy gets th' judge t' let me off easy an' sez if I want t' fight so much t' go t' Canada."

So with Casey and Dugan, his pals, Private Hogan in 1914 turned up in Montreal.

"I want t' fight th' Dutchmen," he told the Recruiting Sergeant. "Casey an' Dugan, two fine laddie bucks, come up wit' me, too."

Private Hogan said they grabbed him, that he passed the Medical Examination with flying colors and was passed on to an officer to be sworn in.

"Casey they chucked out," he says; "his lungs wuz bad. Dugan, the dirty black-guard, took the oath!" and he pauses impressively.

You ask, "Why were you sore at Dugan? Didn't you go up to take the oath too?"

That is Private Hogan's meat.

"They got me in a room," he boils, "wit' an officer sittin' at a table, wit' a picture o' th' King over his head. Th' officer sez to me: 'Repeat after me, Hogan: I do swear allegiance to His Majesty the King. Right there I called a halt. 'And I'm t' let me American citizenship slip up?' I asked th' officer.

"'Sure,' he had th' gall t' tell me. I looked him in th' eye. 'I'll be damned if I swear me-self t' become no British subject. Me Mother Machree t'would kill her.'

"So th' deal wuz off. I beat it back to Jersey City. A year later I meet Dugan. He wuz walkin' on a cane. He had been a fine broth o' a lad. Now he looked like a ghost, a miserable hundred and tin pounds. 'Pwhat th' divil, Dugan,' sez I, 'an' pwhat's come over ye?' And sez Dugan t' me: 'Mike, they put me in th' Princess Pats an' at Wipers th' Dutchmen gassed th' tripe out o' me.' . . . Well it was comin' t' Dugan fer lettin' his American allegiance slip an' becomin' a damned British subject."

And like Private Hogan's Captain you caution him again:

"You must not speak that way about the English. They are our Allies. They are fighting bravely."

But Mike is obdurate.

"Sure it be th' Irish fightin' for thim. Ain't Gineral Haig Irish?"

"No; he is Scotch."

"No, Captain," pleaded Mike; "Gineral Haig a dirty black Scotch Protestant? Doan't say that, please, Captain."

"It's true, Mike. The Scotch, English, and Welsh are doing their part as well as the Irish."

And Mike scratched his head. "Wil', they didn't get me t' change t' no Britisher, them Canadians—bad luck t' them."

"Private Hogan," the Captain said sternly, "I order you never to speak with disrespect of any of our Allies."

"Yis, sir," replied Private Hogan; and alone in a squad room he'll again hold forth to any one who will listen to him.

One does not intend to suggest that Private Mike Hogan is a composite of those of Irish descent in the National Army; but there is his type, victims of street corner orators and revolutionary Irish newspapers printed in our country. They will suffer untold hardships for America; but when they think of England they cannot think coherently. Yet, on the battle line they would die for England, too, these fine, brave, chivalrous people whose love for Erin never dies, for whom destiny has written that they shall fight under all flags but the green. . . . To every American in the National Army who believes the story of the snakes—a toast!

Each regiment having its own staff of physicians, the cases of those whose acceptance into the army, when physically doubtful, are

examined into there. There was a recruit—who shall be known as Hawkins—who came to us from a Syracuse Exemption Board. Upon giving over the Form 14, the report of the medical examination, made by the Local Board, we noticed that Recruit Hawkins had claimed exemption on the grounds that he was “near-sighted.” We asked him about it. Yes, he had great trouble with his eyes. He was near sighted. He wrote a note to the Regimental Surgeon and sent over Recruit Hawkins to the Infirmary for a re-examination. Our First Sergeant went with him. Carefully the doctor tested his eyes. Long suspicious of this rookie, the Sergeant watched him closely throughout the examination.

“Sergeant,” the doctor called, “this man is all right. Nothing the matter with his eyes. Take this message to your Captain,” and the doctor handed him his report.

“Come along, Recruit Hawkins,” said the Sergeant. “You stay.”

“But I’m near-sighted,” whined the rookie.

“You don’t say so!” grinned the Sergeant. “Well, just because you are near sighted we’re always going to put you in a first-line trench so you’ll be sure and see the enemy. See?”

And lo! the rookie's eyes were cured and he is to-day quite well.

The drivers of jitneys infesting the National Army cantonments charged the soldiers outrageous prices to "go to town," refused to stop for those who were alone, always wanting "parties"; in short, made themselves completely annoying. In most of the cantonments the military authorities stood it for about a week and then slapped restrictions on the whole grafting crew. What these orders were regarding jitneys, the Captains passed on to their men.

"No jitney driver," a Captain told his men, "is allowed to charge more than fifteen cents for any ride anywhere inside the limits of the cantonment. If a jitney refuses to take you at that price, get its number and we'll have it barred from the camp. If a jitney with empty seats refuses to take you as a passenger—it is their practice to try and pick up soldiers in twos and threes, so as to get their load quickly—you have a right to protest and to make that driver accept you."

"Beefy" Flanders, a rookie, pondered over this. He had an idea that the jitneys were turning him down because, as the fellows said,

"he took up too much room." He had a grievance against jitney drivers, Beefy Flanders had—against the whole tribe of gasolene banditti.

Picture him then on a Saturday, "Pass Day," struggling through the mud and rain to the railroad station. He heard a jitney. It was the third one he had heard that soaking, pelting noon hour; the other two had whizzed past him in the rain, flicking mud upon him as they passed. But this jitney would not get by—not if Beefy knew it. Planting himself squarely in the road, his soaked suitcase like a parapet before him, the rain dripping from his campaign hat, he awaited the car's approach—a pot-bellied Colossus, defiant. A horn honked a warning at him to get out of the way. Beefy peered through the rain. . . . No, the seat beside the driver was vacant. . . . The rear seat seemed full. Too bad; but he'd ride with the driver. . . . The car, showing no sign of stopping, bore down on him. The horn blew angrily. Beefy felt the rain beating on his face. . . . No, he'd be damned if he'd walk any farther. . . . "Stop!" he yelled. "Stop!"

The driver threw on his emergency, and the

light car—it looked like a “flivver”—skidded in the mud.

“Wow!” shouted Beefy, as the car spun round on the road. “That’s what you get for trying to pass me up.”

Picking up his suitcase, he took his time about going to the point where the chauffeur had finally brought the car to a snorting standstill.

“Are you crazy?” asked the driver, as Beefy unlatched the waterproof curtains and heavily deposited himself in the seat beside the steering wheel. “What do you mean by stopping this car and climbing in?”

“Is that so?” said Beefy, fishing in his wet clothes for a cigarette. “Huh! Since when are jitney drivers wearing soldiers’ overcoats and hats? You take them off or I’ll report you to the military police. My Captain said I was to do that.”

From the back seat Beefy heard a snicker.

“Hullo, fellers! Going home? Hell of a day, ain’t it?”

“Shut up, you fool; that’s Brigadier General X——. This is his car!”

“My God,” panted Beefy; and then, in alarm: “Let me out!”

But a voice from the back seat was speaking. Beefy heard a chuckle.

“Why, Colonel,” some one was saying, “that Private stopped us because he thought this car was a jitney. I told the Quartermaster that these cars they were issuing to Brigadier Generals looked like damned flivvers.” And so Beefy rode with his General.

CHAPTER XIII

“THE MAGIC OF MARS”

WE call our country the “melting pot.” Its metropolis has been called the “garbage can.” We have thought that the sturdy and adventurous of our emigrants have gone striding out from the steamship piers of New York into the rumble of our nation, into wide spaces of harvest lands, cattle ranges, or with pick and shovel have made railways possible. But New York—ah, that was the refuse, the “scum of Europe”! New York, with its sweat shops, its East Side, its soap-box orators, its impudent youth of the proletariat and bourgeoisie alike—soldiers out of that stuff? Absurd!

Out near the end of Long Island, cut from a straggly woodland, a stumpy place of sandy roads and drab backgrounds—there one finds Camp Upton. There one finds the East Side, the “scum of Europe”; for there New York has sent its quota to the National Army.

There one sees the material of which the skeptics said it would be impossible to transform into soldiers. Housed in its rows and rows of two-story barracks one discovers: the Five Points Gang, Sing Tong of "Bloody Angle," Isidore Cohen of Rivington Street, T. Travers Ashton, the artist, of Washington Square South, and exquisite dabbler in anarchy on the side; there one finds Willie Wisenheimer of the motion picture offices and Johnny Mims who takes his girl every Saturday to see a "show"; and there, too, one finds Powers, the son of the financier.

If you know intimately your New York, you know these types and the things they stood for. You know that their lives moved on certain defined lines like toys on a string—the "beat of a cop," the grace of a cheap politician, the pursuit of gold, the mandates of some new and neurotic philosopher, the gossip of the Rialto, the subway to and from work or whether to go to this or that dance. Of national consciousness most of them had none. Legally they were citizens; spiritually they were not. A sense of obligation to this country? That was a void. . . . But all this was before they were called to the colors, before

there was cast upon them the Magic of Mars. . . .

*"Where sons of God yield up their breath
There is no gain except by loss."*

In one of those colorless rooms in the brick building on the Königs Platz of Berlin, where sits the Supplementary General Staff of the enemy's War Machine, I, in 1914, with other correspondents heard the half-dead General von Moltke say these words:

"War is a biological necessity. Too long a period of peace degenerates a nation. War purifies it. War purges it of the degenerate blood. War is the Great Cleanser."

Now that is a sample of the pap that the masters of modern Germany instilled into their people for forty years. We as a people do not believe so materialistically that "war is a biological necessity." Nor does our President; nor our army and navy leaders. Our spirit is keyed higher; ours is a war against war—a holy strife to rid the world of the Hohenzollern's medievalism, the influences of which have caused many wars. No; war is not a purifier, but—if I may repeat,

*"Where sons of God yield up their breath
There is no gain except by loss."*

We are yielding up our breath; we are yielding up our lives. What is our gain? It has taken war to make us a nation. In sixteen cantonments of our National Army hundreds of thousands of men are finding America. Through them, millions of their relatives and friends are finding America. Old Mars, and Mars alone, possessed the magic to make the melting pot really melt everything. The National Army is leading us to America. . . . The New York gangster, what good is he? Melodramas sniveled him to our sympathy or in the newspapers we read the cold facts of his killings. A creature of our social system, what good was he to America? Come with me into one of the big, clean examining rooms of Camp Upton. A board of Army physicians is sitting upon the case of Recruit Miggs (John L.). They conclude that the Exemption Board which sent him to camp made a mistake. His heart fails to come up to army requirements. They tell Recruit Miggs that he will be rejected and sent back to his home.

See him there over in the corner? That

wide-shouldered man with the thin legs and the arms dangling down like a gorilla's; coarse black hair plastered down over a low, bulging forehead; still in civilian clothes, a checkered cap twirling uneasily in his gnarled hands.

"I got ter go back, Doc?" he asks.

"Yes, Recruit Miggs. We find a decided indication of cardiac."

Gloom settles in the bloodshot eyes of Gunman Miggs.

"Can't ye fix a guy up?" he begs. "I don't want ter go back, Doctor, on the level. I'll give yer the whole thing straight, Doctor. When I got wise they'd draft me, I beat it; but the cops nailed me. One of our gang once went broke. His gal left him and he joined the army. He come back once and wised us that all he did was t' wash the officers' dishes. That queered the army with me. But when I come down here, I doped him for a liar. It's been fine here, Doc. I got a square deal. No cops around. I seen the boys with the knives on their guns t'other day sticking 'em into bags. I liked that. I liked to shove one into a Dutchman's belly. A Dutchman double-crossed me once, a cop he was, what had a girl working for him. I can kill Dutchmen. I

want ter kill 'em. If yer send me back to New York, th' gang'll kid me. The boys'll say I must be a cheese if th' army cans me. Then, Doc, that gal o' mine'll only get me doping again. I'll plug a guy some day when I'm half nuts and I'll get th' chair. Here I can live decent and be away from the cops. The officers make a guy feel he's somebody. I'll kill Germans, bunches of the bastards!"

The Army doctors conferred. "I think he'd make good," one said. Remarked another: "I think, Doctor, that with proper work, his heart would stand it."

The voice of the gunman interrupted them: "Please, Doc, for God's sake, let me stay! It's me one chanst."

The Medical Captain wheeled on him. "You stay, Recruit Miggs! Go back to your barracks."

Time passed. September, then autumn scuffled out with dying feet; it was November. New recruits were pouring into Camp Upton. As quickly as they were accepted by the army doctors, their Captains turned them over in fours and eights to Non-commissioned officers, the now blasé veterans of three months—September's recruits who had already made good.

In the barrack yard of the 3— Infantry one such group faced a natty, businesslike Corporal. In his spotless, trim-fitting uniform it was hard to recognize in him the East Side gunman, the Recruit Miggs, who had pleaded for “a chanst” and gotten it.

“Now, men,” said Corporal Miggs; he no longer used “guys,” “at the command *Right Hand—Salute!* do what I do now,” and smartly the old gunman snapped up his hand to the brim of his hat. “Got it, men?”

Fingers close together, arm in a straight line, and up came four arms, and out burst the eloquence of Corporal Miggs.

“Foist man! Swing yer elbow around more t’ th’ front. . . . Second man! Say, you’ve been a soldier before!”

The recruit, a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, denied this.

“Say, quit yer kiddin’!” admonished Miggs, “and let me hand yer a tip: don’t lie in the army. Now, what’s yer name?”

The recruit flushed and did not reply.

“What’s yer name?” roared Miggs; he was going to add, “or I’ll plant you one,” but remembered the Captain’s caution about “planting” in time.

The blond youth replied: "Herman Schwartz."

"Hey?" demanded Miggs.

"Herman Schwartz."

"A Dutchman, hey?" and Miggs deliberated whether to hand him one or not, just for luck.

"I'm not a Dutchman, sir. I'm an American."

That "sir" sounded good to Miggs. He smiled to himself; if the gang could only see him now!

"An American, yer say," he said, enjoying his power; "but yer served in an army. Yer didn't learn to salute like that making beer, did ye?"

The German boy blushed and hung his head. "I served my time in the German Army," he admitted. "My brother is in it now. I don't want to fight my own family."

"Yer don't, hey?" observed Miggs grandly. "Then *Squad . . . 'Ten-shun!* Recruit Schwartz, youse come in an' see the Captain wit' me. . . . *Squad . . . Dismissed!*"

Businesslike? Good judgment? Yes; the National Army did that in three months, reclaimed one of the East Side's gunmen, made

a genuine citizen of what used to be jetsam but which as a "citizen" could vote.

The prophylactics against typhoid and para-typhoid threw panic into the youth of Grand Street, transported to Camp Upton. An Artillery Captain there told me Ikey Cohen, quite white and worried, came into his office. Ikey had just been jabbed in the arm.

"Oi, Captain. I'm seeck!"

"Go out and drill," directed the Captain; "it'll do you good."

"But I'm seeck, Capitaine—such a headache—mit der needle in der arm—oi!"

And so Grand Street in the 3—th Field Artillery came to sing a song at Upton. To the tune of *In My Harem*, they chanted:

"Oi the needle, the needle,
The Prophylactic needle!
Oh, my arm don't have a minute
The needle isn't in it!
Paratyphoid; oi, oi, typhoid;
Captain, I'm so seeck!
All they do is punch me full of holes
All through the week.
Oi, the needle, the needle,
The Prophylactic needle!
I should be in bed,
But I have to work instead;
The Captain tells me it's good for me."

For a time, in the early days, Upton housed a battalion of the 15th Infantry, New York National Guard—negro troops. The colored boys were sent to the cantonment to act as sentries until the drafted rookies were soldiers enough to take over guard duty. One night, returning to Upton from a week-end in New York, an Artillery Captain saw one of the negro privates confronting an Irishman who worked on barrack construction.

“Say, looka yere,” exclaimed the negro, “I’s tired mos’ t’ death tellin’ yo’ fellahs t’ turn ohf dat water when yo’ quits work. . . . Cohp’ral ob der guard!”

The Irishman mumbled something.

“What’s dat yo’ sayin’ dere, fellah? Ah’s got a gun, Ah has. . . . Cohp’ral ob der guard!”

Ten minutes, half an hour passed with the Irishman glowering at the negro’s rifle, with never a word from the Corporal of the guard. In disgust, the colored private turned to his prisoner:

“Say, fellah, Ah guess der Cohp’ral’s got a li’l’ bottle o’ gin somewheres. Gwan, now, yo’ clear outer yere! . . . What’s dat yo’ said? Yo’ll bust mah face! . . . Cohp’ral ob der

'guard!'" No response; then: "Gwan, man; Ah haven't time t' arrest yo'. Gwan 'long. Doan't bother me!" And off stalked the sentry, crooning to himself a song.

It was at Upton that they had a "bull pen." The commander of the negroes had a deep pit dug in the ground; on the bottom a tent was pitched, around the top barbed wire was strung. That was the "guardhouse." In there a prisoner "stayed put." Now near the "bull pen" the Y. M. C. A. pitched a circus tent, a recreation place for the negro regiment. One night they brought a piano to the Y. M. C. A. tent and some one played. At once from the "bull pen" there issued a happy melody of song. The ten negro prisoners down there began turkey trotting as they sang, and above them, fringing the barbed wire, half the battalion grouped itself, while their comrades in the "bull pen" led the song. A strange crew? They'd sing in hell.

It is at Upton that one is brought face to face with that fact which stares at one from every National Army cantonment. Wholeheartedly most of our newspapers have supported the war. To be sure, there are editorial writers who should be General Staff Chiefs, or

Ordnance Chiefs, or Quartermaster Chiefs. There are writers born to be Secretaries of State and others Generals in the field. During the war there will be much criticism that will be hysterical; much irresponsibility; much toying with men's reputations with pen and ink; but as a nation we must abide with that. It is a price we pay for the freedom of the press, and almost no price seems too high for that. It is flesh and blood of democracy. Yet we could be more cautious, less irresponsible.

Now there was one company at Camp Upton which drew its quota from the upper West Side of New York City. Some of the men were high school graduates; others college graduates, others shrewd graduates of New York City business. Most of them in civilian life had disliked the army. In the army one had to be obedient; they rarely obeyed their parents. In the army one's superior officer was a man upon whose decisions they should rely and whose orders they should unhesitatingly obey. In civilian life, the man in the job above them was generally "a dub who had gotten around the boss" and whom they frequently tried to dig pitfalls for. It is a cynicism of New York business that a man spends

one quarter of his time on his job and three quarters trying to scheme out a way to get the job of the man above him. Camp Upton drew its quota of these men. Will they make soldiers, these sons of a shallow and shrewd bourgeoisie, with their suspicion of authority, these utterly undisciplined lives? Let us see.

On Headquarters Hill at Upton, a tall white flag pole stands stark, and from its tip the flag flies brilliantly against the brief gray of a winter twilight. After the bugles have blown the "Assembly" for "Retreat," stand in front of army barracks and watch. Linen salesmen, box office men, the darling of the skating rink girls, they're all there. But they've lost the *débutante* slouch; they look you steadily in the eye; they obey promptly; they have respect for all their officers; they almost love their Captain.

Come into their barracks at night. Talk to Jack, who was called to the colors just in the nick of time to save him being spoiled by the womenfolk of New York's society fringes. A good-looking chap, he jumps up from his bunk, calling *Attention* to the whole squad room as he spies the officer with you.

"How are you getting along, Private Cum-

tings?" the officer asks him, "and what do you think of the war?"

"Private Cummings thanks the Captain, sir. He never thought much about the Kaiser one way or the other. But since he's been here, sir, he's getting madder about the Kaiser every day."

The Captain notices a textbook on the bunk and picks it up. "Officer's Manual," the Captain reads aloud. "What's this—studying?"

"Yes, sir," replies Private Cummings; "the Captain announced he would recommend some men from the company for the next officers' training camp, and if one wants to have a chance at it, one must study."

"Good!" exclaimed the Captain. "Keep at it."

And Jack Cummings, who had trifled through high school, buried himself until taps in his book of military lore. In another part of the barracks you find a group of men studying French. This is a time after hours when the men get the idea that their officers are human.

"I advise you men," remarked the Captain, "to study French at every opportunity. When the Regulars went over last summer they

didn't know French. The soldiers picked up the word, '*Oui*,' meaning 'Yes,' and said '*Oui*' to everything. One day in a village where a company was billeted a pretty girl came up to a soldier and asked him something in French. He couldn't understand, but replied '*Oui*.' Instantly she threw both arms around his neck and began kissing him. He thought her crazy and shouted in alarm. He struggled with her, and finally broke her hold on his neck. A policeman came up; she poured out her story to him in French, and our bewildered comrade was taken off to jail. In court it developed that in French she had asked him to marry her. He replied '*Oui*'—'Yes.' She had embraced him, he had repulsed her, shaming her in the eyes of the village. So unless you want a flock of breach of promise suits, men, learn to speak French."

Or visit another part of the barracks and you'll see the former lace salesman busying about with pad and pencil, buttonholing his comrades, taking down subscriptions for a Company talking machine and records. And as you leave, what impression have you? Brotherhood! War has drawn them all together, given them a common interest—their

country, and with it they're pledged to a common goal: the defeat of the enemy—Imperial Germany.

Yes, the National Army is the Melting Pot. We used to think of the melting pot in this way: that Bohunks, Wops, Poles, Hunkies, Harps, Kikes, what not, were poured into it and magically fused into Americans. The trouble with that conception was that it concluded that every one who spoke English was an American. Those who thought deeply upon our country knew that to be an idle dream. They knew that our unnationalized public school system, our toleration of anarchy and socialism, our toleration of insidious foreign language newspapers, our wrong conception of our army and navy, our sectional selfishness, our lack of national discipline, indeed almost anything national, had made of the "melting pot" a chimera. And those whose thoughts are penetrating to-day likewise know that the National Army has made the "melting pot" a reality; for it has given us national consciousness. For the first time our generation is now thinking in terms of America—our English, as well as our foreign-tongued peo-

ple. And that is to the glory of our new army and our President who decreed it.

You remember that German boy whom the former gunman, Corporal Miggs, haled off to see the Captain? Recruit Herman Schwartz saw the Captain; so did Leo Birkee, an Austrian, and Pietro Carmino, an Italian, and Ludwig Wrubel, a Pole. They saw the Captain at the same time he saw all the members of his company, that afternoon, just before retreat in the mess hall. And the Captain told them all:

“In our Company are men born in foreign lands. Some of them speak English imperfectly. But they are here, for the same reason you are here—to fight for America’s liberty. And like your fathers some generations ago came over here to gain liberty, so did the fathers of your foreign-born comrades only a few years ago. And I want the utmost good feeling between you and them. I don’t want you to laugh at their mistakes in English; I want you to correct them kindly. Remember in the eyes of the President you’re all alike—America’s soldiers. And in the eyes of God you’re all alike—His soldiers, fighting a nation

of barbarians, the Huns." . . . There's your real melting pot.

And if you care to follow further the fortunes of Herman Schwartz who told Corporal Miggs he would not fight in the American army against his own blood, come with me into the office of the Colonel of the 3— Infantry. Recruit Schwartz's company commander is there with him, and together they face an eagle-eyed, eagle-beaked warrior of our Regular Army.

"You say," began the Colonel, "that you won't fight against Germany."

"I won't fight my own blood," stubbornly repeated the blond boy. And then the Colonel began to talk. He told Recruit Schwartz of the Germany that was and the Germany that is, and how it had tricked the German people as well as every other nation in the world.

"You have served in the German army," said the Colonel. "You know how the German officers treat the privates. Is there anything like that here?"

"No," replied the recruit; "but I hear they won't let our officers stay with us. They tell me that in Europe the American army will be put under English officers."

"And who told you that?" asked the Colonel.

"I read it in the——" And he mentioned a German-American newspaper.

"I thought as much." And when the Colonel told him that he would go to war with his present officers, Schwartz seemed amazed.

"But they're too decent to us, our officers," he objected, his thoughts fleeing to some German barrack yard; "not a man has been flogged yet," he added triumphantly, as if that were the crowning argument that their American officers were not to take them to France. For an hour the Colonel talked to that German boy, and when he was finished Recruit Schwartz said: "Colonel, I'll fight. The Hohenzollerns must be beaten—for the good of the German people as well as America."

Yes, tell the drafted men *why*; what it's all about. Explain the draft to them, the salute, "retreat," the need for drill, discipline, unhesitating obedience, and they'll see it all through. They become interested in their new work. They feel they *are* somebody, not mere machines. They gain pride in their new professions. And the National Army is being told the *why* of it all, which is why it is a most pow-

erful force for Americanization, and why it is becoming an efficient army.

Come along to the Artillery. See that Battery, standing Retreat, that little Italian with his heels together. See the Greek there who used to keep a flower shop. He's standing like a statue now; might have stepped down from a pedestal in the Pantheon. See that little Syrian boy there, bow-legged, shoulders still a little rounded, but trying so hard to stand as straight as the tall, lean Norwegian beside him. "To the colors!" the bugles are playing, and they all stand still a statuesque guard as their flag is lowered and put to sleep for the night. . . . And day is but breaking when they're out again; in line, at attention, as the flag climbs the tall pole on Headquarters Hill. Thirty thousand men saying good-morning to the colors. From the kitchen, savory hints of breakfast come. Bayonets dimly glimmer; sentries are going off post. Another day in the lives of thirty thousand men, who only months before had no sense of national responsibility, has begun—begun for America. And the beauty of it is that it all seems now a matter of course, *noblesse oblige*. . . . Over America spreads the dawn.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 284 894 0

